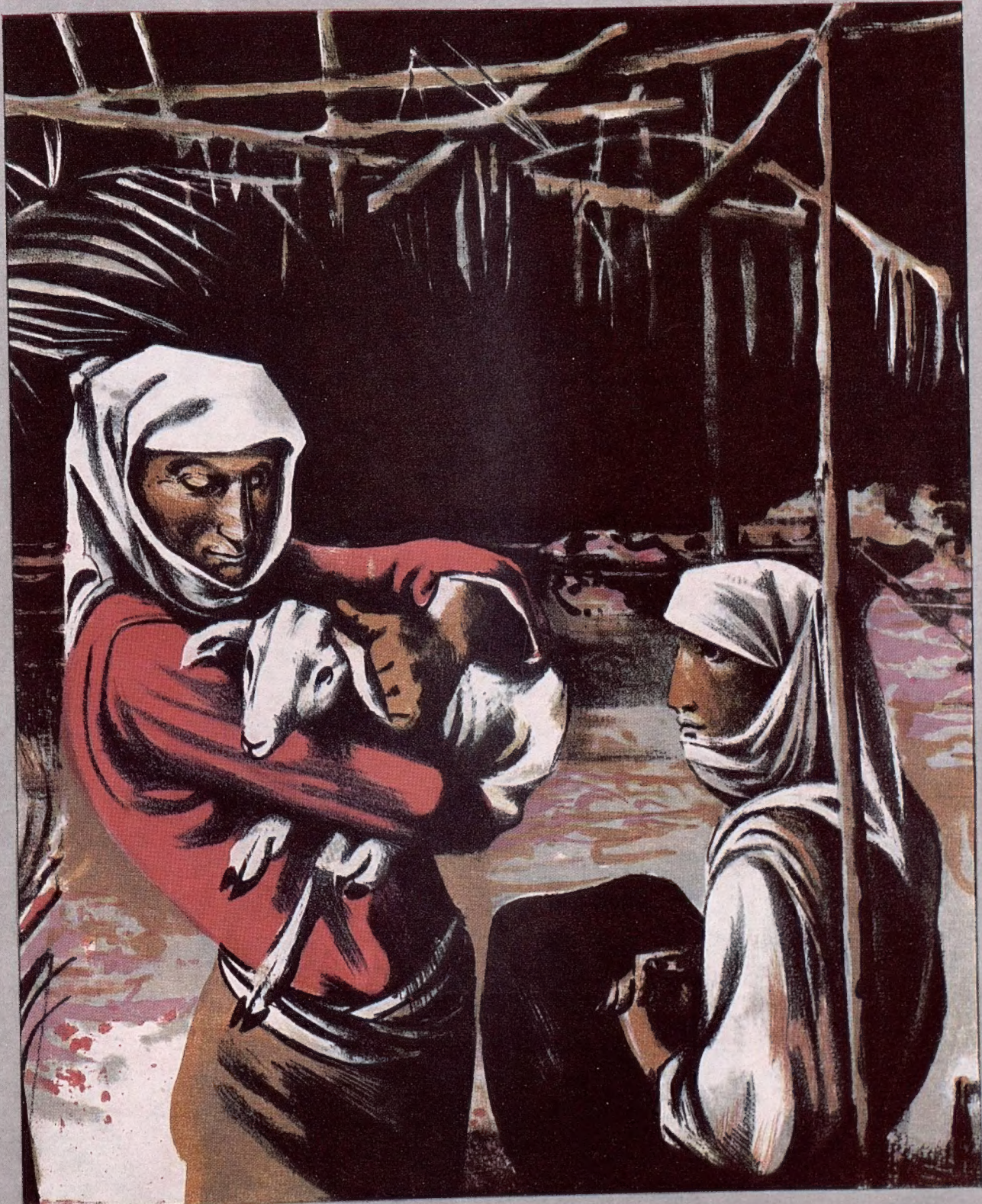


THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 8 April 1959



A COME-BACK FOR PRINTS

Quentin Crewe: CITY OF THE
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WHERE *to* go... WHAT *to* see

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

NEXT to the Wren churches, the City of London's chief pride is its Livery Halls. While not so accessible as the churches they are open occasionally to public view. **Grocers' Hall** in Prince's Street, and **Mercers' Hall** off Cheapside start the ball rolling next Monday, being open to ticket-holders at 2.30. Ten other halls will be opened on three or four dates each during the summer. Information and tickets can be had from the City of London Information Centre, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4, but *not* from the Livery Companies themselves.

Spring cleaning isn't what it used to be. Those impressive clouds of dust are now seen merely as a smokescreen concealing 11 months of idleness. But this is nevertheless a time for renewal, and the **Design Centre** in Haymarket, echoes the theme with a timely display of carpets and soft furnishings (until 11 April) of special interest to spring brides. Then comes a display of travel goods for holidaymakers (or honeymooners) from 13 April-9 May, followed by a collection of tools for the handyman (11 May-6 June) which seems to imply that the young

husband had better get both feet on the ground—but quickly.

This month Gloucester College of Art celebrates its centenary with a **Wilson Steer Exhibition**, and the Royal Drawing Society hangs the **Children's Royal Academy** at Guildhall, an event which has often disclosed startling talent.

Racing engagements in the near future include the **Newbury** meeting (17-18), when that important Derby preview, the **Greenham Stakes**, will be run; and the **Epsom Spring Meeting** (21-23), the high spot of which is the Edwardian-sounding City & Suburban (though in fact

this race dates from the year 1851).

Among next Saturday's point-to-points are the **Whaddon Chase** (Great Horwood), and the **Belvoir** (Oakthorpe); and on Wednesday, 15 April, the **V.W.H. (Cricklade)** at Wroughton.

Two social events to note are the **May Flower Ball** at Grosvenor House (27 May), tickets £3 3s. each from Lady Rowlandson, 16 Welbeck St., W.1., and the **Hampshire Red Cross Ball** at Weekes Manor, Winchester (22 May). Tickets, 35s. from Mrs. Peter Arkwright, Cherrytree Cottage, Easton, Winchester.

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Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

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BY ELSPETH GRANT

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(from recent contributions):

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BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

Birthday in Bermuda

by DOONE BEAL

ON THE LAST LEG of his Commonwealth tour, the Duke of Edinburgh will visit Bermuda at the end of the month, to take part in the 350th anniversary celebrations of our oldest self-governing colony.

It is such an attractive island that I have often felt it a pity that so many travellers see only its airport, in transit for Nassau, the West Indies and Venezuela.

Bermuda is shaped rather like a lobster. From the air, it is dazzling with white roads, white coral beaches and the traditional white roofs of all the houses. Although it is some distance north of the West Indies, one sees around its coastline the jade shallows which typify the Caribbean islands. The countryside has some of the same features: poinsettias, hibiscus, bougainvillea—but its climate, mild and windy in winter, hot but still breezy in summer—always has a salty ozone freshness which appeals to many who dislike what might be called the full tropical treatment.

It has often been said that the inhabitants of British colonies have been frozen in the prevailing

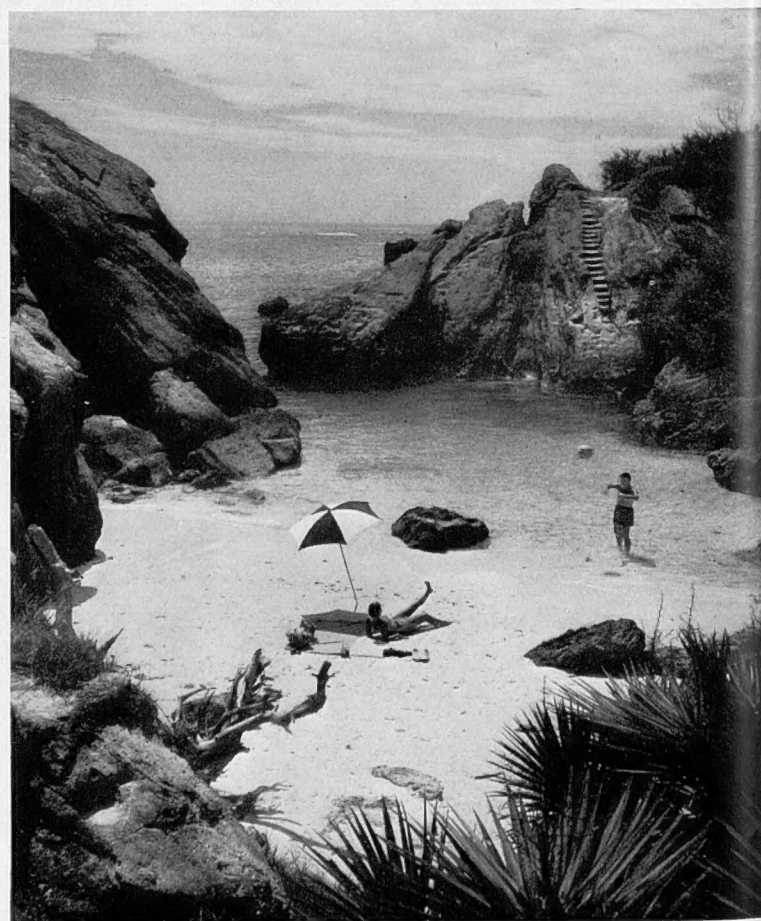
attitudes of fifty years ago. To take this statement at its least unkind, some truth applies to Bermuda. Dinner jackets and immaculate sports clothes: long, well-iced drinks, instantaneous service and an air of accustomed space and leisure—the way of life is a far cry from Bohemia, coffee bars and black stockings.

Although so intensely British in its ambience, it now supports such enormous numbers of American tourists that a more truly mid-Atlantic flavour is rapidly evolving. In the hotels and restaurants you will find considerable American influence and you learn to order your eggs shirred instead of scrambled.

Many resorts are self-styled "playgrounds," but in Bermuda's case this must be taken literally. No less than five golf courses (including the famous Mid Ocean, whose luxurious Club has suites named after Churchill and Eisenhower); more tennis courts to the square mile than one would believe possible; some of the most celebrated sailing in the world, notable deep sea fishing (marlin and barracuda)—

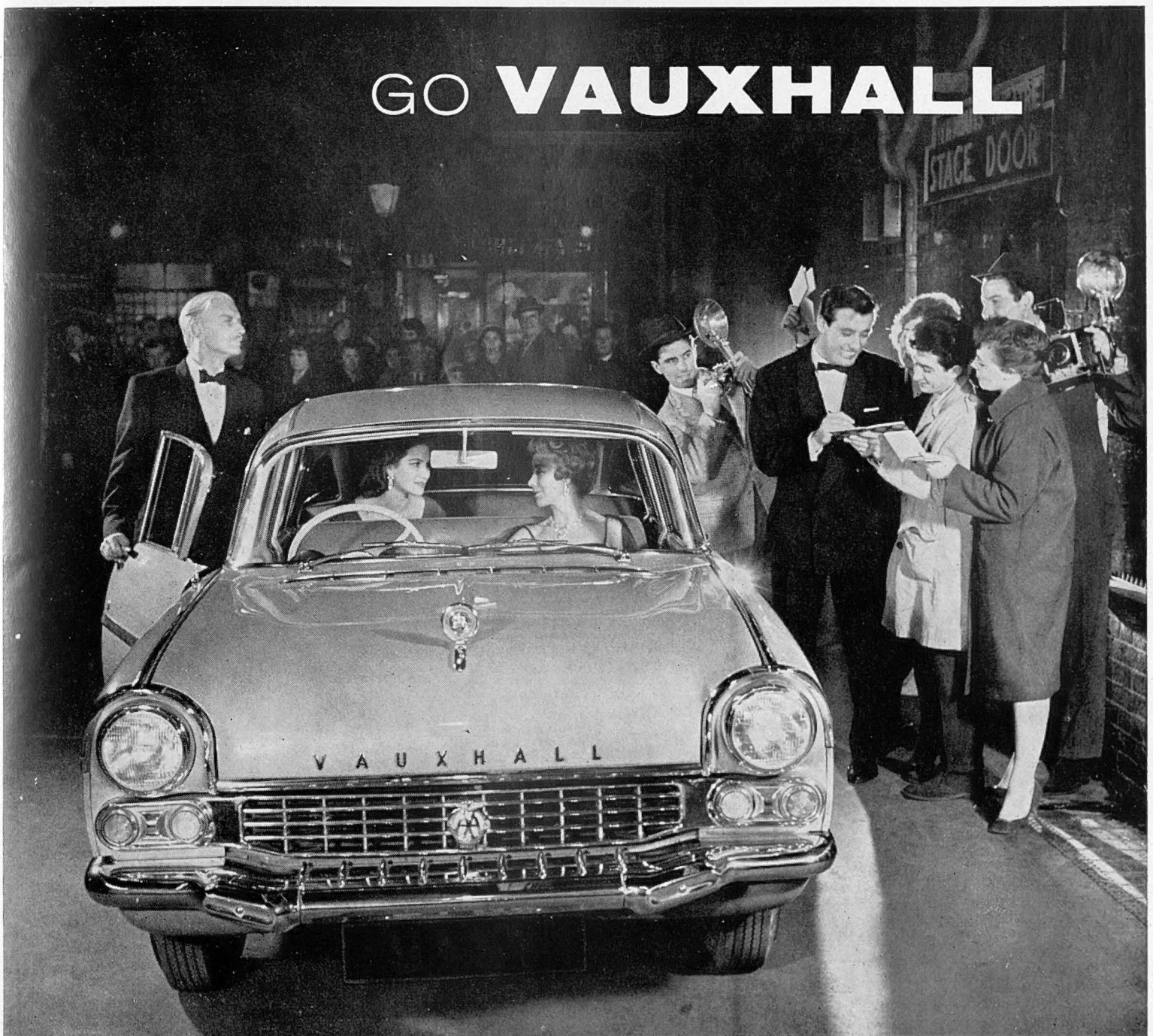
continued on page 58

Coral cliff formations divide the Bermudan beaches into secluded coves, like this one on the south shore



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PASSPORT *continued*

water-skiing, and of course, coral sand-bathing.

Not that any of these is exactly given away: Bermuda's prices are geared to the American conception of a bargain rather than our own. The Mid Ocean charges 35s. a day green fee, some of the others less—as for example the nine-hole course at Castle Harbour Hotel, where the fee is 14s. You can hire your own sailing boat, though, at the comparatively reasonable price of £3 a day, or £8 a day with skipper (enough room for six in either case, so it is up to you to make up your own party). A day's deep sea fishing complete with boat, tackle and guide, would set you back 17 gns. for six people. Some of the beach hotels—such as Palmetto Bay, Reef's Beach Club, Coral Island Club—will loan guests shore fishing tackle for nothing, and any hotel on the island will, of course, make any arrangements you wish for either sailing or fishing.

Hotel prices range from £3 a day in a guest house to £11 a day in a luxury hotel such as Castle Harbour, both prices including full pension. Many people are attracted by the numerous cottage colonies with central dining and public rooms—the rates at these are about £5 a day full pension, but other arrangements can be made, so that you are free to lunch and dine elsewhere.

The big hotels have nightly floor shows, usually calypso in origin but produced with some flourish, and often outdoors. As in the Virgin Islands, each big hotel has its "night" in turn, with a visiting dance band. On Front Street in Hamilton there is a string of attractive bars and restaurants (the word "club," by the way, is not to be taken literally)—like Long Tail, Twenty One, and the Caravelle, which is celebrated for its food and attached to Parliament Club. Another good food place is the Waterfront Restaurant, overlooking a small harbour on the way out of town. I asked a local where else was amusing in the evening, and pass on her information that "everyone" goes to the Waterlot Inn at Warwick. It is on the water, has no music, but offers backgammon, darts, dice and talk with the drinks.

In terms of clothes, it is worth saving up some of your shopping until you get there, because there are, in Front Street and Reid Street, some excellent small shops which import the pick of sportswear from Britain, Austria, Italy, France and America, at prices which represent at least a small saving on our own—and a standard for which you would otherwise have to search with quite some diligence. (What you do about Bermuda-length shorts—surely the unkindest cut of all, but *de rigueur* in the island—is up to you.)

By B.O.A.C., the return tourist flight to Bermuda is £218 13s., first class £279 15s., or de luxe £311 17s. On the de luxe or first-class flights, the journey can be broken in New York at no extra cost. Flying time on the direct route is approximately 13 hours.



Miss Mary Dawn Rogers to Capt. Anthony Mitford-Slade: *She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. S. C. Rogers, Obridge House, Taunton. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. C. T. Mitford-Slade, Montys Court, Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton*



Dr. Jillian Home to Capt. Piers Dunkerley, R.M.: *She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. D. Home, Coulson St., S.W.3. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. R. Dunkerley, Cranmer Ct., S.W.3.*



Miss Sarah Anne Mitchell to Lt.-Col. R. E. Worsley: *She is the daughter of Brig. & Mrs. J. A. H. Mitchell, British Embassy, Paris. He is the son of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. H. K. Worsley of Grey Abbey, Ballycastle, N. Ireland*



Miss Jill Grange Moseley to Mr. Edward W. Griffith: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. P. G. Moseley, Dorfold Cottage, Nantwich. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. H. W. Griffith, Llangwm*



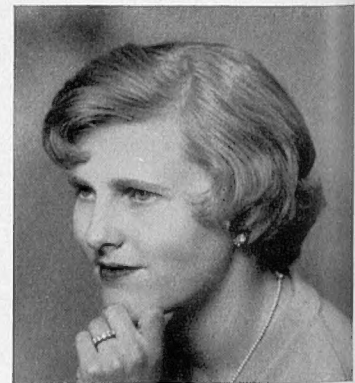
Miss Victoria Mary Usher to Lord Bruce: *She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Usher, Lynedale House, Peebleshire. He is the eldest son of the Earl & Countess of Elgin & Kincardine*



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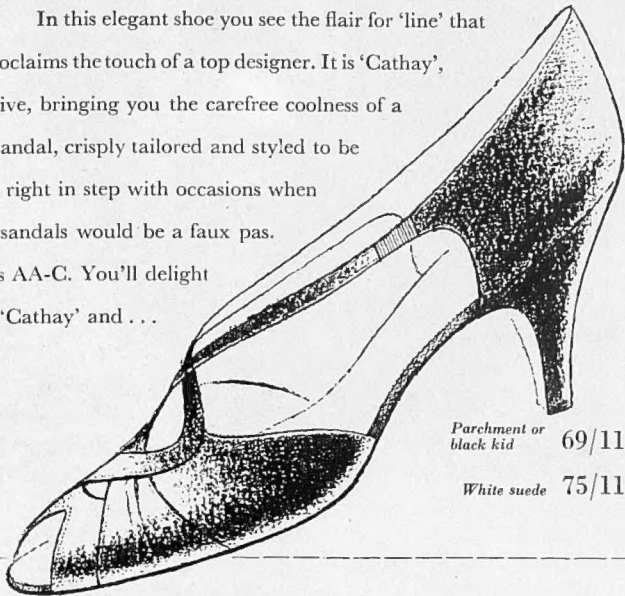
Miss Rosemary Cornwall-Legh to Capt. Hugh Laing: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. Cornwall-Legh, High Legh House, Cheshire. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Capt. H. Laing, Princes Gate*



Miss Shirley Ann Rothera to Mr. Julian Richardson: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Rothera, Rickmansworth. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. E. Ryder Richardson, St. John's Wood*

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Hewens—Settle: Miss Rosemary Settle, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Settle, Thurloe Close, S.W.7, married Mr. Michael Hewens, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Hewens, of Bargefield House, Taplow, nr. Maidenhead, at Temple Church, E.C.4



Perkins—Towers: Miss Prudence Julia Towers, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. J. R. H. Towers, Gledhow, Leeds, 8, married Captain Michael John Perkins, R.H.A., son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Perkins, Surbiton, Surrey, at St. John's Church, Adel, Leeds, Yorkshire



Lutyens-Humfrey—Moore: Miss Rosemary Margaret Moore, elder daughter of Major & Mrs. H. T. Moore, Old Court, Newent, Glos, married Mr. Graeme D. E. Lutyens-Humfrey, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Lutyens-Humfrey, Woodchester, Glos, at Newent Church



Shipton—Ordish: Miss Caron Jennifer Ordish, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. G. Ordish, St. Albans, Hertfordshire, married Mr. Anthony N. K. Shipton, son of Mr. & Mrs. N. K. Shipton, Carbis Bay, Cornwall, at St. Albans Cathedral, Hertfordshire



Hope—Carden: Miss Gillian Carden, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. Carden, Portman Square, London, W.1, married Mr. Colin Frederick Newton Hope, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. Hope, Westover, Limsfield, at St. Peter's Church, Limsfield, Surrey



Mackay—Freeman: Miss Valerie Marion Freeman, daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. H. W. Freeman, Solihull, Warwickshire, married Mr. William B. Mackay, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Mackay, Aberdeen, at the Church of St. Alphege, Solihull



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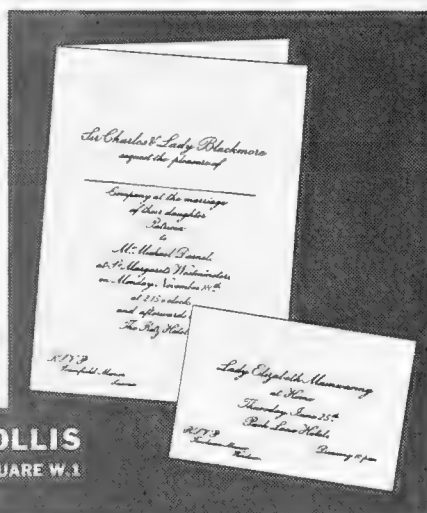
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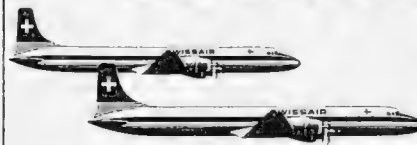
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Heather Crauford



THE
Tatler
& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXII No. 3013

8 April 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: *The London Season Number*, including a dissection of the season by Andrew (The *Breaking Of Bumbo*) Sinclair, a guide (in colour) to the old-school ties, and Muriel Bowen on *Personalities In Polo*. Also: a full calendar of the season's events

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SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Lancers resplendent at their 200th birthday ball

by JENNIFER

IT WAS SUCH A BALL as young girls dream of. The Queen was there, radiant in a shimmering dress of iridescent sequins across which she wore the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, a diamond tiara and necklace. The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester were also present, the Duchess, too, wearing a magnificent diamond tiara and necklace with her maroon faille dress. All the men (many of them in full regimental evening dress with scarlet tunics) wore their orders and decorations, while the ladies all wore their prettiest dresses, with a dazzling array of tiaras and other beautiful jewels.

This was the brilliant scene at the bicentenary dinner-ball given by the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers at the Hyde Park Hotel. Troopers in full dress stood guard at the top of the stairs and at the doorways; crossed lances and a lancer's helmet adorned each pillar of the ballroom under the regimental badge made in flowers.

A charger made of flowers

At one end of the ballroom was a model of a charger and on it a 16th/5th lancer also composed entirely of flowers. The other flower arrangements were equally striking, and all cleverly lit.

On their arrival the Queen (who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment) and the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester were met by Brig. P. E. Bowden-Smith (Colonel of the Regiment)

and Lt.-Col. J. D. Lunt. The Brigadier escorted Her Majesty, and Col. Lunt the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester into the ballroom, where guests had already assembled.

Later the guests—more than 500—took their places in the dining-room before the Royal party entered. After dinner Brig. Bowden-Smith made a charming speech thanking the Queen for being present. Then the Queen, partnered by the Brigadier, started the dancing and they were quickly followed on to the floor by the Duchess of Gloucester with Col. Lunt and many of the other guests, including the Countess of Euston (wearing a lovely tiara and deep pink satin dress) who was in attendance on the Queen with Lord Plunket and Major R. A. Reid.

A clergyman said grace

Others present were Lt.-Col. Anthony Bullivant who had organized the ball so well, & Mrs. Bullivant, Lt.-Col. Dennis & the Hon. Mrs. Smyly, Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles & Lady Allfrey, Col. & Mrs. Alistair Macintyre (the latter charming in black with a diamond tiara), Lt.-Col. G. H. Illingworth and his wife who wore a dress of white lace and a diamond tiara, her brother the Rev. Alistair Gold who said grace before dinner commenced, and Major the Hon. Henry & Mrs. Allsopp. Mrs. Allsopp wore a fine turquoise tiara and necklace with her prune organza dress.

Lt.-Gen. Lord Norrie & Lady Norrie and his daughter the Hon. Rosemary Norrie were in a party with Brig. & Mrs. Roger Peake and Lt.-Col. Dudley Norton, and I met Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Pat Smyly, and his brother-in-law and sister Mr. & Mrs. Tom Barty King.

Appointment with hounds

I also saw Major Gerald Gundry, joint-Master of the Beaufort (he was getting back next morning to hunt hounds) & his good looking wife, Major & Mrs. O. M. Bullivant, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. R. Cleghorn, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Paget, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Gordon Cox-Cox who were admiring the magnificent regimental silver on view, Major Eric Johnson, M.P., who had to rush back to the House of Commons to vote during dinner, his sister Miss Bryony Johnson and Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. A. Dene down from Staffordshire.

A large number of young guests danced happily until the early hours of the morning, among them the Hon. Annabel Hawke, Mr. Alex Taylor, Mr. Richard Nicholson, Miss Jane Stockdale, Lord Gisborough, Miss Karen Player, Miss Penny Cracroft-Amcotts, Mr. David Smyly, Miss Jennifer Harrap and Mr. Mark Barty-King, who earlier in the week had received a decoration from the Queen for gallantry in Malaya.

Many of the guests had been present on the morning of the ball, when the Queen presented a guidon to the regiment at a ceremony in the garden of Buckingham Palace, which was bathed in spring sunshine.

The West Country triumphed

From here I went on to Grosvenor House where the Horse and Hound Ball was in full swing. This, too, offered a colourful scene, as many of the men wore pink coats, but as a spectacle it did not compare with the regi-

mental ball. The horn blowing contest was just over and I arrived in time to watch the Duchess of Beaufort present the prize to Mr. E. R. Lloyd from the Devon & Somerset Staghounds. Mr. E. Hill from the Barlow Hunt was runner up.

The judges for this competition were the Duke of Beaufort (who is the greatest supporter and perhaps the most knowledgeable man on foxhunting of this generation), and the Marquess of Exeter who since he succeeded his father and went to live at Burghley House, near Stamford (a stately home full of exquisite treasures, open to the public) has re-established his own private pack of the Burghley Foxhounds, with the kennels beside the house.

The proceeds of the ball go to help the Olympic Games & International Equestrian Fund, which has to raise money to send our team to Rome for the 1960 Olympics.

Foxhunter's owner

Among the 1,200 or more who supported the ball I saw the Marchioness of Exeter, the Earl & Countess of Westmorland, Lord & Lady Fairfax of Cameron, that keen horseman Viscount Knutsford, Col. "Harry" Llewellyn who has been a master of foxhounds as well as one of our most successful international show jumping riders, Mr. Ronnie Wallace joint-Master of the Heythrop, Mr. Dorian Williams Master of the Whaddon Chase, Mrs. William Hanson, Major Lawrence Rook who has successfully represented Great Britain show jumping, & Mrs. Rook, her pretty sister Miss Sally Whitelaw, Capt. & Mrs. Denis Daly back from Cyprus, Major James Maxwell whose daughter Sarah is making her début this year, Miss Sonia Pilkington and Mr. Percy Legard. Also present were Lt.-Col. & Mrs. "Mike" Ansell, Major John Morrison, M.P., Major Derek & the Hon. Mrs. Allhusen, and Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Hindley.

A début in Lancashire

The following day I went up to Lancashire for the gay coming-out dance that the Chief Constable of Lancashire & Mrs. Eric St. Johnston gave for their débutante daughter Caroline, an attractive and intelligent girl. The de Hoghton family kindly lent historic Hoghton Tower (now amongst stately homes opened to the public) which has been in the family for generations, and it made a delightful setting for the dance. There were about 200 guests, and the event went with a tremendous swing from the start to the end in the not-so-early hours of the morning.

Dancing took place in the first floor ballroom with its fine ceiling and panelling, and after midnight there was a little night club downstairs, with amusing "Caution" signs around the walls. Col. & Mrs. St. Johnston and Caroline (who looked attractive in a pastel dress) received the guests in the banquetting hall where supper was served later at small tables. It was in this historic hall that King James I knighted the Sir Loin of Beef on 18 of August, 1617. Log fires burned merrily in the King's Bed-chamber and King's Ante-chamber, now a drawing-room and boudoir, which were used for sitting out.

Many friends had dinner parties for the

ball including Lady de Hoghton, who runs Hoghton Tower so efficiently and looked lovely in a duck egg blue wild silk dress. Her guests included young Lord Lilford and his wife; Lady Lilford was wearing a beaded and embroidered cream satin dress. They have come over from South Africa and are redecorating one of the family homes near Southport, where they are going to live. I also saw Lady Martin, chic in red satin and white foxes, who is shortly moving from Yorkshire to live in London. Mr. Bill Endeavor over from Sydney, with his charming niece Miss Janet Halmshaw who makes her home in Sussex, Miss Audrey Howarth, Mr. Morris and Mr. Richard Yorke, who was just off to the U.S. to take over his appointment as a vice-president of Rolls-Royce there.

The G.O.C. was present

Guests at this enjoyable dance included Major-Gen. P. Scott, G.O.C. North Western District, with his wife and three daughters. Fiona the eldest, who is to be married in May, was dancing with her fiancé Mr. Joe Barber. Also Lady Clegg and her son (Sir Cuthbert Clegg missed the dance as he was heading a cotton mission in the Far East), Mr. & Mrs. B. Noble, Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Townley, both in great form, Mr. & Mrs. J. Waldron (he was formerly Chief Constable of Berkshire but has now moved to London, where he has been appointed to tackle a heavy task as Assistant Commissioner of Traffic), Mrs. Patrick Brunner, Mr. & Mrs. Carrington, Brig. Shean and his artistic wife who paints children's portraits so well, and Mrs. S. Russell Cooke who had come up from Worcestershire for the dance.

Lt.-Col. Michael Birtwistle was another there. He is just retiring from the command of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry (who incidentally are having a ball at Hoghton Tower on 24 April). I also met Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Nicholson; he is one of our keenest coaching enthusiasts and every summer brings his private coach and horses down south for 10 days to include Richmond Horse Show, a meet of the coaching club, and Royal Ascot. This year he told me he will be down earlier, in time for the Royal Windsor Horse Show which is from 14-16 May.

Others who were dancing

Among the large number of young guests were Miss Sally Heyman, outstandingly attractive in black velvet, Mr. Tarquin Olivier, Miss Carolyn Waldron, the Hon. David Hacking, Mr. P. Nicholson, Miss Sally Cannon, Miss R. Hoskyns-Abraham whose father is Bishop of Lancaster, Mr. Martin Dodd, who although only 19 has travelled a lot visiting most of the countries of Northern Europe including Russia (he is now studying accountancy), and Mr. R. Bowman who was the Oxford University fast bowler in 1957.

Lady de Hoghton kindly invited me to stay for the dance at Hoghton Tower and I slept in the large and famous Buckingham room with its four poster bed and magnificent oak panelling. It was this room that the Duke of Buckingham, King James's favourite courtier, used when he accompanied the King in 1617.

continued on page 66



Van Hallen

*Earl Bathurst marries
at St. Margaret's*

Earl Bathurst, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. Lord Apsley and of Lady Apsley, Cirencester Park, Gloucestershire, leaves St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, formerly Miss Judith Mary Nelson. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Nelson, Springfield House, Foulridge, Lincs. The guard of honour was formed by the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (T.A.) in which Earl Bathurst is a captain



Baron Studios

DAVID, 16 months, son of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Eckersley, Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.5



Burrell & Hardman

FRANCIS WILLIAM ADRIAN, 19 months, son of Major & Mrs. Ivan Lynch, Brook House, Camberley, Surrey

Other People's Babies



Desmond Groves



Norman Brown, Dundee

The HON. JANE OGILVY (3½ years), daughter of Lord & Lady Ogilvy, St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3, and Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir

HENRY (2½ years) & ANDREW (5 years), sons of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Simon, Alderley Edge, Cheshire

I go to the Grand National

Next day many of us met again at Aintree to see the Grand National, the blue riband of steeplechasing. It was a pleasant, fine day with perfect going and the 34 starters made a wonderful picture as the tapes went up and they thundered off to the first fence. There were quite a lot of casualties early in the race and Becher's Brook took heavy toll the first time over. The field had thinned out considerably as they jumped the water jump in front of the stands the first time round, and eventually only four horses finished the course.

The winner was the well-backed Oxo owned by Mr. John Bigg from Clifton, Bedfordshire, ridden by Michael Scudamore and trained by the wizard of Royston Mr. Willie Stephenson, who now has a Grand National winner as well as a Derby winner to his credit; he brought off a double later in the day when the outsider My Timps won the Earl of Sefton's Plate.

Mrs. J. K. M. Oliver's Wyndburgh, ridden by T. Brookshaw and trained by J. Oliver, was second, and Ireland filled third place with the favourite Mr. D. J. Coughlan's Mr. What, the winner in 1958, ridden by T. Taaffe.

Sir Frederick took the train

No other race attracts so much attention as the Grand National; people come from all over the world to see it and I have always found that they have felt their journey was well worth while. The special trains which include breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner for the day from London, are also popular. Among those who chose to do it this way were Sir Frederick Handley Page (in great form

after backing Oxo), his daughter, Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis and Lady Fogarty, Air Vice-Marshal Somerled and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald, Lady Brooke, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Paget, Mr. & Mrs. John E. Guest, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Bailey, and Mr. & Mrs. Edward Courage who joined the train at Rugby to see their gallant mare Tiberetta run fourth in the National.

The Earl & Countess of Derby had a party in their private box. With the Earl & Countess of Sefton (the latter looking chic and snug in a sealskin coat) in their box were the Mayor and Mayoress of Liverpool, Alderman & Mrs. Harry Livermore, the Earl & Countess of Dunraven, their son-in-law and daughter the Marquess & Marchioness of Waterford, the Duke of Devonshire, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Brigadier the Rt. Hon. Anthony & Lady Dorothea Head, the Duke of Roxburghe and Major-General Sir Randle Feilden.

Overseas guests

Mrs. Topham, who works untiringly for the success of both horse and motor racing at Aintree, I found in high spirits, and with her usual generosity dispensing hospitality to a number of friends including Sir Robert Cary, M.P., the Assistant Postmaster-General Mr. Kenneth Thompson, M.P., Mr. Francis Appleton, Jr., over from New York for the Grand National, Miss Winston (also over from the U.S.), and Col. Harry Llewellyn. Others I met thoroughly enjoying their day were the Spanish Ambassador & the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, both real enthusiasts for racing, and Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall, a promising young rider who has spent over two years with the Blues in Cyprus and was returning there next day, but told me he

hoped to be home in May. I also saw the Hon. Brian Rootes and his pretty wife chic in one of the newest hats, the Earl of Rocksavage, Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor looking nice in brown, the Marquess of Blandford, Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., Lady Helen Berry well wrapped up in a mink coat, Mr. & Mrs. Denys Domville over from Ireland, Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Taylor who have several horses in training in the North, Col. Archie & the Hon. Mrs. Scott and their two sons, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher & Lady Elizabeth Beckett who had happily backed Oxo, her brother Viscount Lumley and Mr. & Mrs. Paddy Brudenell Bruce.

Up from the south

Others racing were Lady Watson, Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland and Mrs. Peter Starkey up from Warwickshire, Lord & Lady Rotherwick from Oxfordshire, Mr. John Baillie whose Done Up had bad luck in the National, Mr. & Mrs. Reggie Philipps with Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, Earl Cadogan and his son Viscount Chelsea in the paddock watching Green Drill parade before the National, Lady Biddulph, Commander Kenneth Kemble who won the Cunard Handicap with Paper Money, his daughter Mrs. Kenneth Goulder, Mrs. Bryan Marshall whose husband trained Paper Money, the Hon. Mrs. Fordyce, and Mr. Geoffrey Keating.

Others in the big crowd included the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Mrs. Robin Hastings whose husband was broadcasting part of the commentary, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cazalet (he trained three winners at the meeting), Mrs. Cooper-Key, Mr. John Slesinger, Mrs. Brotherton, and Major Noel Furlong; both the two latter have owned Grand National winners.

FANFARE FOR HUNTERS

*At the Horse & Hound Ball
held at Grosvenor House*

Mr. M. Downes, master of
the Garth, competing in
the horn-blowing contest,
a traditional feature
of the ball

Van Hallan



Miss Elizabeth Guthrie, from Cheshire, and Mrs. Pamela Richards, who as Pamela Crampton was a model in France



Miss Ann Usher, from Salisbury, with Major P. Riall, master of the R.A. (Salisbury Plain)



Mrs. William Hanson dancing with Col. Harry Llewellyn at the ball

Mrs. Ronnie Wallace (wife of the master of the Heythrop) with the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Queen's Horse





Players & spectators walk through dense gorse to the 13th tee. More than 200 amateur & professional golfers competed

GOLF

Mixed doubles AT SUNNINGDALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Right: Mrs. J. Hetherington, a former finalist in the British Women's championship, on the first fairway

Centre: Mrs. I. M. Brown, of West Essex, drives on to the 13th green. Her partner was Mr. K. G. Budd, Essex amateur champion

Far right: Miss Glenna Critchley at the first tee. Her parents, Brig.-Gen. & Mrs. Critchley (formerly Diana Fishwick) are both well-known golfers





Miss Pat Moore practises putting before her match. She is a member of the Middlesex Women's team



Mr. A. Stickley of Ealing & Mrs. M. Spearman of Sudbury on the 13th green. They won their match



Mr. E. E. Whitecombe (the Chigwell professional), former Ryder Cup player Mr. Reginald Horn & Mr. W. A. Slark, English International & Walker Cup trialist



Mr. & Mrs. D. C. Wigglesworth walk to the first green. The Sunningdale Foursomes is the first major mixed event of the golf season

Major T. L. Bowden, the commentator, Mr. R. W. Hartley and Mr. M. A. Ashton (hon. veterinary surgeons) on the observation platform

Point -to- Points

The Cowdray Hunt
Steeplechases held at
Cowdray Park, Sussex

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Lt.-Col. Leslie Boord, secretary of the Cowdray Hunt. He lives at Petersfield



Lt.-Col. Sir Rupert Dering, Bt., from Midhurst, was the assistant starter

The Pegasus Club (Bar) & King's Troop R.H.A. at Little Kimble, Bucks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWIFT



Mr. Garry Daintry and Miss Helen Spens, a granddaughter of Sir Patrick Spens, M.P. for South Kensington



Miss Diana Rae-Smith was taking a cine-film of a race. With her was Mr. Mark Chinnery



Mr. A. Clarke, whose Perbra ran in the Open Race, adjusts the cap of its rider Mr. A. Steward



Lady Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the Prime Minister, in the paddock



Cambridge University United Hunts Club at Cottenham, Cambs

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

Mrs. J. R. French dismounts from Pomabelle after winning the Ladies Race



Capt. Lord Patrick Beresford, who won the Pegasus Club Challenge Cup on Mr. J. T. Emerson's Syrup



Mr. Patrick Milmo, who is at Trinity College, Cambridge, with Lady Gillian Pepys, débutante daughter of the Earl of Cottenham, under an umbrella



Three owner-riders in the United Hunts Club Race: Mr. P. Nicholson on Adam, Mr. H. S. Montefiore on Ready Money II, and Mr. W. G. Henson on Freewill

Col. G. T. Hurrell, the course inspector for the meeting, and Mr. H. Gingell, one of the stewards

Count F. Zichy, of St. John's, Cambridge, riding Shepherd's Plaid in the Resident Undergraduates Race



CECILY MACKWORTH, wife of a French marquis, writes from experience about a contemporary snag in the stateliest homes: When the 'help' won't live in...

BEFORE I went to live in Normandy, I used to try to pin my future husband down on the subject of servants, were we to have a proper staff, in the feudal tradition, with butler down to kitchen maid; or just a charwoman? These questions did not seem to evoke any clear response in his mind and he generally said, "*On s'arrange*," in an absentminded way. Once, when I pressed him really hard, he explained that practically the whole village used to be attached to the estate in some way or another. I asked suspiciously when that had been, and he said, "Before 1914." Then he added, "Nowadays, *on s'arrange*."

When we arrived home after our honeymoon, I found an old woman cooking a chicken in the kitchen, a younger one removing cobwebs from the wainscoting, and five little girls polishing the dining-room table. Dinner was served by the little girls. They walked in procession, each carrying one object. Then they leaned against me, staring mutely, till it was time to bring in the next course. My husband said in English that he was sorry about the leaning and added, "You see, they are old Jean's great-grandchildren. I asked who was old Jean, and he said, 'He used to rake the drives for my grandfather.'"

Next morning, I found the kitchen occupied by a stout woman with a black moustache. There were a lot of saucepans on the fire and a delicious smell was rising with the steam. We talked for a few minutes, then she caught sight of the clock, and screamed that it was time to ring the Angelus.

"Madame will please stir till I come back," she said, and thrust a wooden spoon into my hand. Then she waddled out at surprising speed.

I stirred and stirred. There were a great many saucepans and most of them seemed to contain something that curdled if left unattended for even a minute. I could hear the church bell tolling across the fields. It went on for a long time and the sauces grew more and more lumpy. Then my husband came in from the orchard and stirred too. I asked him if the moustached woman was the cook and he said, "No, she is the church warden, but she Comes In." Then he said, "Madame Deshayes will probably Come In this evening, but only if she has finished milking in time. If not, Madame Capon will bring across some soup and we will make an omelette for ourselves."

"And old Jean's relations," I asked "Had they just Come In, too?"

"Yes," said my husband "As I keep trying to explain to you, *on s'arrange*."

The Coming In continued for several weeks. Sometimes it was Madame Capon, sometimes the wife of Alfred, the market-gardener, sometimes the *gendarme's* daughter-in-law, and sometimes there were new faces belonging to people I had never seen before, but who all knew much more about the contents of the house and its cupboards than I did myself. Quite soon, though, I realized that the organizer, indeed, the heart and soul, of the Coming In, was Madeleine, the senior member of the original working-party and daughter of the defunct old Jean himself. It was to her I turned for help when the snags in the system began to appear.

The gaps in the Coming In were, in fact, growing longer and longer as the first curiosity died down. The household accounts, too, had become terribly complicated, with creditors and sub-creditors, laundry washed by one and ironed by another, the roast started by Madame Deshayes and finished by her deadly rival, known as Tranquil's Simone. One Saturday, after wrestling with additions that never came right, I told my husband that something must be done. He was inclined to agree but I could see he was worried at the idea of a change. "They've been Coming In for a long time," he said doubtfully.

Before he could change his mind, I

BRIGGS by Graham





The
Social
Alphabet

E

for eligibility

hurried round to Madeleine's cottage to explain the situation. "What I want," I said, "Is someone to live in." As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I began to regret them, for I could see from her expression that I had offended against tradition. I dared not press the matter and quickly began to talk about the weather, but the harm was done and she refused to unbend. "She'll never forgive me," I told my husband and he too thought this likely.

So I was pleasantly surprised when, a few days later, Madeleine announced that she had found a pearl for me: "Not one of these flighty girls, always complaining that there's no cinema here. An elderly woman, clean and honest, and all she asks is to live in for the rest of her life."

Madame Viard arrived the very next day, escorted by a voluble daughter who explained her mother's perfections. She herself said nothing at all but sat like a sad, black lump, staring through thick spectacles at the wallpaper.

When the daughter had settled her in and left, I gave Madame Viard a broom and asked her to sweep the stairs. An hour later I found her standing in exactly the same place, leaning on the broom handle and gazing mournfully into space.

"I like to feel company around," she said.

I kept step with her as she swept. When I stopped, she stopped too. At the bottom of the stairs, she said, "I can see we'll get on. Like sisters, we'll be."

We trailed into the kitchen.

"I'll tell you about my hard life," she promised.

She told me while I did the cooking. The story was very long and complicated, with a great many characters involved, all of whom had done her wrong. We had reached the first World War when my husband came in and asked what was burning.

Three days later, Madame Viard's serial story was still unfinished. I did the housework while she followed me from room to room, talking. She thought it unkind of me to leave her alone at meal-times and when I came to help her

wash up, I would find her weeping.

"There's one thing I can't stand, and that's neglect," she would say, sniffing as she dabbed a dishcloth, over and over again at the same plate, till I had finished washing and was ready to take over the drying. "You went out just as I was telling you how my Aunt Charlotte's eldest interfered between my Cousin Julie and me about the cow..."

That day I told her I had made other arrangements and would pay her a month's salary and drive her back to her daughter's house that afternoon. She shot me a look of surprising cunning and said.

"My daughter's gone away. She knows I'm settled down nicely here and won't be needing her."

We had never thought of asking the daughter for her address and nothing could wrest the information from Madame Viard. I hurried from Madame Capon to Madame Deshayes, from Madame Deshayes to Tranquil's Simone. None of them knew where she lived, but each had a small, triumphant smile.

There remained Madeleine. She received me rather coolly and said offhandedly that she hoped Madame Viard was suiting me.

I had no pride left. "Get rid of her!" I begged.

I could see at once that there would be no need for explanations. We understood each other perfectly. It was an unconditional surrender. The village had won.

"The situation is a delicate one," said Madeleine. "But I will do my best to help Madame."

She waited two more days, presumably to give me time for full repentance. Then she arrived like a whirlwind, packed Madame Viard's belongings into a tin box and bundled her, protesting, into Alfred's car. Slowly it rattled down the drive, carrying Madame Viard out of my life.

"And now," said Madeleine, as the splutter of the engine faded in the distance, "Madame will perhaps wish me to arrange for Simone, Madame Capon and some others to Come In and lend Madame a hand with the cooking."

Michael,
If he sold his motorcycle,
Would be absolutely splendid,
But at present he's entirely immature.
Bertie
(On the shady side of thirty),
More the type that we intended—
Though, of course, he can be frighteningly
dour.

Dicky—
Well, it's rather sort of tricky.
Absolutely pots of money,
But a trifle irresponsible, I mean.
Peter
Couldn't possibly be sweeter.
We adore him, he's a honey,
But unhappily, he hasn't got a bean.

Billy
We consider very silly.
Yes, a baronet and so on,
But a child of six would hardly call him
bright.
Trevor.
On the contrary, is clever,
But that's not enough to go on—
We suspect, you see, he isn't really
quite.

Clearly,
It's inevitable really
That our daughter for the minute
Should be feeling just a little unfulfilled.
Dicky
Tells me she's eloped with Nicky. . . .
I suppose there's nothing in it—
If she has in fact, we'll probably be
thrilled!

Francis
Kinsman



NEWS PORTRAITS

RITUAL Bishop Bessak Toumayan (*right*), the Armenian Bishop in London, washes the feet of a child before the altar of his church of St. Sarkis in Kensington. This traditional ceremony commemorates the action of Christ in washing the feet of His disciples and any child in the congregation can take part. St. Sarkis is the spiritual centre of London's Armenian community



Ida Kar

Alan Vines



RETURN Madame Anita de Caro (*left*), born in New York but long resident in Paris, has a new exhibition of collage and water colours at London's Hanover Gallery. Her husband, Roger Vieillard, a French banker who is also one of his country's foremost engravers, has an exhibition running concurrently in Paris. Mme. de Caro has had her work shown all over the world. She shares the Hanover Gallery exhibition, her second in London, with works in marble by Italian sculptor Sergio Signori

REPRESENTATIVE Historian Sir Charles Petrie (*right*), whose recent study *The Powers behind the Prime Ministers* won critical acclaim, represents Britain this week at an historical congress in Saragossa. The theme is the Peninsular War—Sir Charles is an authority; he has written a biography of Wellington and several books on Spain. The Petries live in Kensington—Lady Petrie is a former Mayor of the borough



Samuel O'Neill



Gerti Deutsch

RESEARCH Novelist and art critic Mr. Maurice Collis, who is now at work on an informal biography of Nancy Viscountess Astor, walks with his dog in the grounds of Cliveden, the Astor family home near Maidenhead. Both Lady Astor and her son, the present Viscount, have helped with the book, which is due for publication by Faber & Faber next spring. Mr. Collis also paints and at the end of this year will have an exhibition of gouaches at the Kaplan Gallery



THE TATLER

interviews

GROUP-OFFICER

JEAN CONAN DOYLE

O.B.E.

MONICA FURLONG reports: *Group-Officer Conan Doyle has been for the last three years the only woman commanding an Air Force station in this country—possibly the only one in the world. During April she is giving up this post to become the Inspector of the W.R.A.F. I met her at R.A.F. Hawkinge in Kent, where she was busy on the details of “passing out” a group of O.C.T.U. cadets of the W.R.A.F.*

Group Officer, what are the qualities which make a good officer?

G/O. Conan Doyle: A sense of responsibility. A conscience about getting work done, if necessary after working hours are over. Ability to handle all kinds of different people. And we expect a reasonable standard of education—at least four passes in G.C.E. Many of the girls have more, of course, and some are university graduates.

What made you decide to join the Service?

G/O. Conan Doyle: Munich. In 1938 there was such a frightful feeling that war was imminent and that there was nothing one could do about it. I had always liked the thought of joining a women's service, though I had ambitions to join the W.R.N.S. at the time. However, an opportunity for me to join the W.A.A.F. came first. When later I was given the opportunity to transfer to the W.R.N.S. I didn't want to any longer. I was sold on the W.A.A.F.!

I can see that women were useful in the Services during the war. But do you really feel they are necessary today?

G/O. Conan Doyle: More than necessary. Absolutely vital. There is a great shortage of regular personnel in the various trades of the R.A.F. but the deficiency is met at the moment by National Servicemen. When

they go the position will be extremely difficult. It is absolutely essential that we get more women recruits to help fill the gap. Officers, too, are scarce—the results of each O.C.T.U. course are awaited most eagerly. There are so many jobs for them to fill.

But are there jobs which women actually do better than men in the R.A.F.?

G/O. Conan Doyle: There are some which attract them more. For example, Air Defence Operator. This is a skilled job in connection with radar which is extremely important to the operational efficiency of the Royal Air Force. Some jobs do not attract men on the whole because the training is not going to be of use to them in civilian life. Women nearly all tend to think of jobs on a short term basis and are quite happy as long as the work is interesting. Then the Nursing branch has a natural appeal to women, and so has switch-board operating, and we are always needing people to do that. But women are eligible for any of the R.A.F. trade groups except four—the R.A.F. Regiment, Airfield Construction, Marine Craft, and Armament Engineer. Women officers cannot enter the Flying section of the General Duties Branch, as, of course, we are non-combatants.

What do women feel about having to wear a uniform?

G/O. Conan Doyle: It's the most convenient thing to wear when you're working. When I worked at the Air Ministry where one wears civilian clothes it sometimes seemed an awful nuisance to have to stop and worry about the most suitable thing to put on.

If you had to say in a word what you like about your job what would you say?

G/O. Conan Doyle: Working with other people who care tremendously about the same cause, and, if I may have more than one word, a conviction that what one is doing is worth while.



Baron

That is what I find hard to understand. How can you be sure that preparations for war are justified?

G/O. Conan Doyle: That brings us back to Munich. I would never again want to see this country in the position where it could not say what it thought because it had to have time to prepare. You can't suddenly be prepared overnight. You've got to be prepared all the time. And it's necessary to have teeth if you're not going to be pushed around by other countries. I think we all consider our aim to be the maintenance of peace. A strong fighting service is a deterrent to an aggressor.

Do you feel that, fighting apart, women have been accepted on absolutely equal terms in the R.A.F.?

G/O. Conan Doyle: Oh yes, the men have been wonderfully kind. There have been some big changes since I first joined, of course. I remember a friend who also joined in the early days telling me that when she dined in the Officers' Mess she used to have to sit at a table by herself behind a screen. She was Messing Officer, too, which made it all the funnier. Now, of course, women are accepted quite naturally as members of an Officers' Mess. Another thing which the public don't always realize is that there is no separate organization for men and women up to fairly senior rank in the R.A.F. Men and women officers compete on equal terms for promotion and both have full authority over lower ranks of either sex. Since 1949 you see, we have not been an auxiliary service, but fully incorporated into the R.A.F. However, as women there are a few differences between us, for instance we don't have equal pay!

Do you find that your surname gives rise to a lot of jokes in the Service about Sherlock Holmes?

G/O. Conan Doyle: Not so much in the Service as outside it, though there was one unit where I was known as “My dear Watson.” Luckily I was fond of my father and it has always been a pleasure to remember him and talk about him. I get rather cross though, when people assume I must have some literary ability, too. Why on earth should I? And even if I had, I shouldn't have much opportunity of exercising it in such a busy job as this.



HARVEST: TOWARDS AMFISSA by Michael Ayrton



YORK MINSTER by Edwin La Dell

For those who want original pictures on their walls there is a more economical way than buying paintings. A new exhibition showing the modern alternative is likely to accelerate



PRELUDE by Ceri Richards

A come-back for PRINTS

TEXT BY
David Stone

At work on the stone (right): Michael Ayrton, painter, sculptor, author, theatre designer and illustrator. The colour lithograph he is shown preparing is one of a set of six called 'The Greek Suite'. It includes the cover picture (below) called 'Goat Carrier: Crete'



THE "GRAVEN IMAGE" EXHIBITION, WHICH OPENS AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART Gallery tomorrow, is the most ambitious attempt yet made in London to "sell" the idea of prints. It fits into the pattern of a world-wide revival of interest in them. Prints were shown at Grenchen in Switzerland last summer; a spectacular collection of lithographs was shown by the Arts Council in Edinburgh during the festival; and there has also been an exhibition at the Chicago Museum of Fine Arts. The Whitechapel show, it is hoped, may prove a turning point for the few who have pushed prints against the tide of mechanical reproductions.

Prints—a word which covers etchings, lithographs, linocuts, woodcuts, silkscreens—are made by a process similar in principle to those used for mechanical reproductions. But a reproduction is no nearer a print than a glass of English wine resembles a true Burgundy. A print is an *original* work. It is not a copy of anything. In painting, the

(continued overleaf)



Lewis Morley

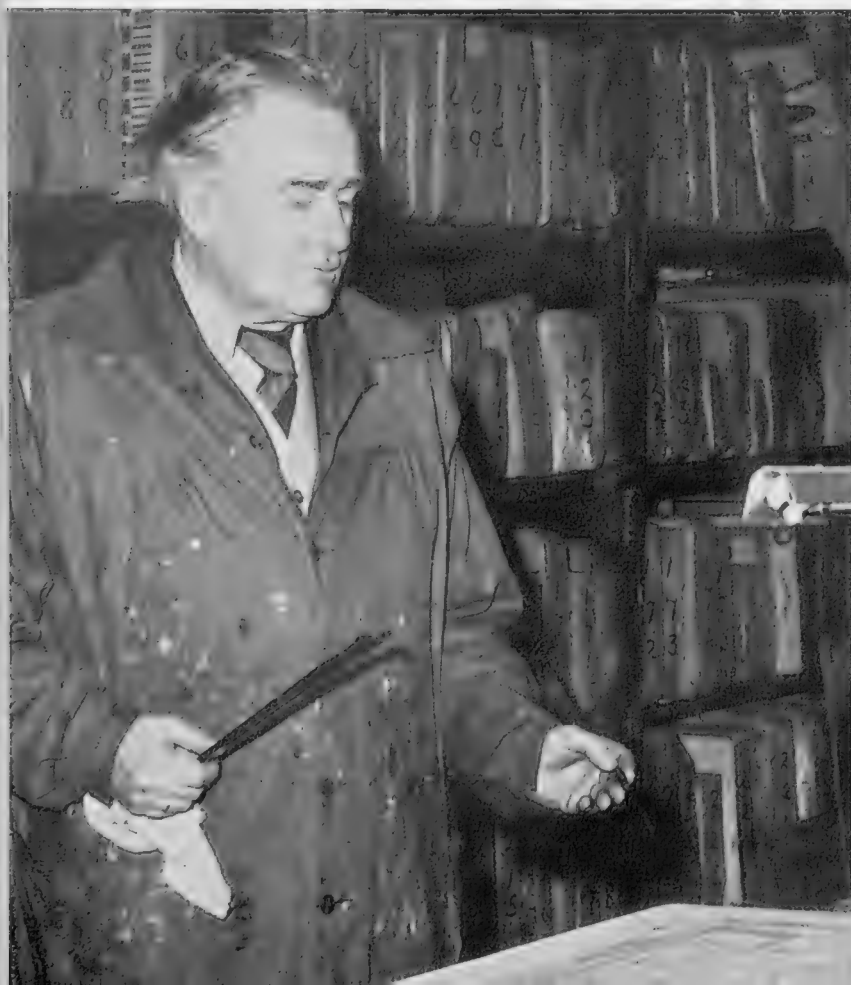
COLLECTOR 1. The face of artist Clarke Hutton is reflected in the glass covering a Merlyn Evans etching called *Seed Pod* which hangs in his West London home

R. M. Wilkie



COLLECTOR 2. Mr. Bryan Robertson, director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery has a Merlyn Evans aquatint, *Thunderbird*, part of his Vertical Suite in Black

R. M. Wilkie



Left: William MacTaggart, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, prepares a lithograph of one of his works. Above: Earl Haig, painter and member of the Society of Scottish Artists. The pictures, like the one on the right, were taken in the Edinburgh workroom of Harley Brothers



Barry Swaebé

continued from page 77

artist transfers his vision to canvas by means of a brush and oil paints. In print-making, he works direct on to a metal plate (etching), on which he marks his image with a sharp tool, or burin; or he can draw with a waxy crayon direct on to a stone (lithography).

From the marked stone or plate, he eventually makes a print on paper with the aid of a hand-press. When the print is coloured, he has to have one stone or plate for each colour.

Artists Anne Redpath and John Piper are both pioneers of the come-back in prints. Piper's *Three Somerset Towers* (illustrated on this page) was a show-piece of the Edinburgh Festival. His arrival at the Edinburgh workshop sparked off the present renaissance. Harley Brothers are the successors of the original firm established by the Bavarian lithographer Frederick Schenck 100 years ago

THREE SOMERSET TOWERS
by John Piper



MEDITERRANEAN HARBOUR
by Alistair Grant



STILL LIFE IN SILENCE
by Bartolomeo dos Santos



A come-back for PRINTS *continued*

The essential to remember is that there is a limit to the number of prints an artist will make of an etching or a lithograph. Between 50 and 75 is the accepted maximum. Each of these prints is, in a real sense, an original.

To the public the big advantage of this is that it is a relatively cheap way of getting together a modern collection of original art. A good print by a contemporary master, like William Scott or Anthony Gross, can cost anything from £20 to £50. But you can get excellent prints by younger men for as little as £8.

A second advantage is that statistics of the art world show that prints increase in value over the years just as paintings or drawings do. There is a Matisse print of a nude, made in 1906, and sold then for about £2. It is one of 25 copies, and today its value is £120.

That print is at present in the possession of the man who is Britain's John the Baptist of the print world. His name is the Hon. Robert Erskine and he is the youngest brother of the Earl of Mar & Kellie. He runs the St. George's Gallery in London's Cork Street and with the Whitechapel's imaginative director, Bryan Robertson, has organized the Graven Image show. Young and incongruously bearded, Erskine has devoted his time and money since leaving Cambridge to pushing the idea of prints as an art-form, selling them, feeding—even

housing—starving lithographers, journeying thousands of miles to get over the message that prints are not reproductions. People like Erskine—and forward-seeking galleries all over Britain—are trying to create a new brand-image for prints. They look to the Whitechapel show to give this unappreciated art-form a big push forward.

At the show there are about 130 prints, as well as 40 to 50 drawings. The drawings are by artists like Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson, who haven't yet turned their talents to print-making, but whom the organizers hope will one day. There will be a lithograph and etching press there, and the artists themselves will be working on their plates and stones. On Sundays the more celebrated artists will be there to talk to visitors.

But there is no need to imagine that prints and lithographs mean violent explosions of abstract art. A visitor will quickly see that he can have a print of a rural scene Constable might have done, though if he wants a colourful shell-burst of geometric shapes, he can have that, too. Whatever the choice, though, the purchaser acquires a piece of art that is thoroughly up-to-date. For prints are the authentic artistic signature of the twentieth century, of our time and place as fiercely as a Saarinen building, a Ponti chair, a Salinger novel.





Grant Avenue, main thoroughfare of San Francisco's Chinatown, is the subject of one of the show's songs

San Francisco, the city of the "Flower Drum Song," described by QUENTIN CREWE

SAN FRANCISCO IS A SOLITARY CITY. IT IS A CITY OF COLOUR, OF DRAMA AND ABOVE all of the sea. It can be compared to no other in the world. It has about it a tingle of the romantic which distinguishes it from the other cities of America. Charleston may have been a colonial capital, but today it is a prissy remnant of a place. New Orleans has jazz and fancy French balconies, but it has, too, a climate which stifles all energy. New York is a great hedgehog town, ruled by money. All these have intriguing sections, all are ports. But San Francisco is a whole city—unique and alive.

It came, as it were, from the sea, being founded in 1776 by Spanish sailors as an outpost of New Spain. Set precariously on the tip of a 50-mile long peninsula, running parallel with the coast of California, it is almost an island. Its house-covered hillsides pile up one behind the other like the waves of the ocean. The ships which come from the Orient to this Western capital of the United States bring to it a flavour and a colour which lend an unlooked for sophistication. The lingering memories of the Gold Rush and the more recent sombre experience of one of the worst earthquakes ever to strike any town add to this a note of romance and drama.

San Francisco (which none of its inhabitants calls Frisco) is not big. The city measures roughly seven miles by seven. On three sides lies the sea and on the fourth high hills. Beside the hills runs a narrow strip of land with a fast highway from Los Angeles and the south, the only entrance to the city which does not cross the water. The other approaches are two of the finest bridges in the world and 15 miles of causeway.

continued overleaf

No date yet for a London showing

Judged by the box-office, if not by the critics' opinions (which were lukewarm), *The Flower Drum Song* is a hit. The St. James Theatre where it is showing in New York is booked up and there is talk of bringing the show to London, though not till the end of this year at the earliest. The setting of this latest musical by Rodgers & Hammerstein II (with choreography by Gene Kelly) is San Francisco's Chinatown—the largest Chinese settlement outside China. The show owes much of its appeal to the performance of Miyoshi Umeki as a bride from China (*left*, in her wedding costume), and to lively Pat Suzuki as a stripper in a Chinese night club. The cast also includes Juanita Hall (of Bali H'ai fame), identifiable (*right*) among the cast in the wedding scene.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRIEDMAN-ABELES



San Francisco, city of the "Flower Drum Song" *continued*

One's first impression of San Francisco is amazement at its feats of engineering; one's second of its lightness and gay colours. The rocks on which it is built rise steeply from the sea. The sparse land consists of 21 abrupt hills climbing from the shore to a height of nearly 1,000 feet. Yet every part is thick with buildings.

At the outskirts, the main highways are raised on stilts and weave over the suburbs, like broad festive ribbons, twining and joining each other so that from any direction you can drive to the centre of the town with the minimum of fuss. They have a feeling of space fiction, these vast detached roads, sweeping over factories and rooftops, covering in five minutes distances which would take half-an-hour below; a feeling also of the big dipper, as cars disappear down steep side turnings to each section of the town or as streams of vehicles rush by at eye level on another track and then swirl up overhead.

Once in the town the lightness strikes you. The houses are white, blue, green, pink, every pastel shade of colour. The bright sun of California, which shines most of the time, bleaches even the stone and cement of the skyscrapers. The temperature never drops much below 50 and seldom rises higher than 80 and no rain falls between May and September. Flowers grow in every vacant space.

All is modern. After the 1906 earthquake, nearly the whole town lay in ruins, some shattered by the tremor, the rest burned in a fire which devoured everything without check for three days. In an astoundingly short time all traces of the devastation were gone. A whole new city had been built.

To find your way about is simple because the streets run straight one way and the avenues straight at right angles to them. But their straightness is the remarkable thing about them, for they take no account of the hills but charge wildly at them. Up seemingly impossible slopes the streets rise as if nothing had happened. Looking up from below you cannot believe that any car could climb them, yet they surge up, pause at the top, then plunge down again the other side.

I shall not forget the first time I arrived at the top of Filbert Street in a taxi. We had climbed up one side of a hill and stood poised, as it seemed to me, at the top of a precipice. I could see no road ahead—only the sky. The taxi moved on happily.

"Wait," I said to the driver, "you can't go down there. There's no street."

"Always has been," he answered tersely.

"Well, there isn't now," I said, getting out to have a look.

Over the crest, a man's head six yards from me down the street—for there was one—was level with my shoes. The pavement was so steep that it had to be cut with steps to enable anyone to walk up the slope, which I was later told is one in three.

"Anyhow we couldn't drive down that, it's madness," I told the bored-looking taxi man.

"Do it every day," he replied.

"Not with me you don't."

"Yeah, of course some scare easy," he pronounced without looking at me; and as an afterthought, "You a Limey?"

So we went down. The car lurched sickeningly over the edge. The driver looked at me to see how I was taking it. I sat rigid, but at least silent.

There is only one street which is not straight—Winding Street. This, by contrast is claimed to be the "crookedest street in the world." It switches to and fro, near Filbert Street, like a miniature mountain road. Between each curve is a small colourful garden and down the sides of the cutting it makes in the hillside are more flowers and exotic shrubs. These gardens are entirely kept up by a reclusive French millionaire who owns all the houses on the street. No one seems ever to have met him and I have never even been able to learn his name, though he is supposed to work in the gardens himself.

The hills of San Francisco, once you overcome your apprehension, serve further to remind you that it is a city of the sea. Each time you pause at the top of one of the streets you get a fresh view. Over the tops of the houses you see, from a new angle, the landmarks of the town—Coit Tower on top of Telegraph Hill, the skyscrapers of the business district, Nob Hill covered with spiky hotels. Russian Hill with Filbert and Winding Streets, and beyond them the two elegant bridges and the great sweeps of water of the Bay, and farther still the Pacific.

Apart from the ever-changing views, San Francisco is pleasantly unpredictable. Up and down the busiest streets of this modern town clank and grind the most old-fashioned trams, red and green in colour, with an open platform at each end. They are cable cars, dragged up the perilous inclines by an endless chain, which groans invisibly just beneath the surface of the road even when no tram is in sight.

These cable cars, which were invented in 1870, have survived the most determined efforts of progress. They are a symbol for San Franciscans which they cling to against all reason. I met once, in a remote town in

Japan, a native of San Francisco who seemed content enough in his new home. But often he said to me, "I would give five dollars any time for a ride in a cable car."

As unexpected, too, is Chinatown. Suddenly in one section of the city you feel as if you had suffered a magical transplanting. The houses are covered in fretwork and carving, paper decorations hang from balconies, the lamp-posts are objects of fanciful enchantment. There are strange sounds and voices, signs are illegible. The shops are full of silk and ivory.

San Francisco has the largest Chinese population of any place outside China itself. These people live, for the most part, separate lives, following their own customs, often wearing their native clothes and even, though very rarely, pigtaails. They have an autonomous authority over their section of the city, which is crammed with restaurants, laundries, oriental antique shops and even a vast altar temple called Kong Chow.

There is, too, a large Japanese population, but during the war they were interned and their houses given to the poorer Negroes. When peace came they filtered back, but they no longer have a quarter of their own.

Change is the essence of the town. The waterfront varies as much as the centre. First there is the port, still called the Embarcadero, with forbidding piers and warehouses, then a little harbour with small

STOKES JOKES





Internationally recognized as the symbol of San Francisco, the Golden Gate Bridge links the city peninsula to northern California

chugging fishing boats and on the quays the shellfish vendors, and finally the open sea with breakers heaving at the high sea walls and not far out, on some jagged rocks, seals barking and flapping at the sightseers.

The people are as changeable as the town. It is a world of diplomats and fishermen, of businessmen and seamen, of artists and of drunks.

The diplomats are important in this Western capital. The British Consulate is a large red brick building—one of the few in San Francisco—in Pacific Avenue, with a fine view over the Golden Gate. The Consul-General has almost the standing of an Ambassador, for he deals with Britain's commercial interests for the whole West of the United States. The business men, for the same reasons, are men of power. But it is the more colourful citizens who give San Francisco its flavour.

There are West Coast jazz musicians who have developed a strident style of their own, there is a whole school of painters living in houseboats, there is the self-styled "Beat Generation" of writers.

These last plunge about in a mixture of pseudo-Zen philosophy, worn-out existentialism and the depths of one another's psyches. The result, they claim, is a form of culture for the non-existent American proletariat. The uninitiated see it merely as a systematic "Do as you please" campaign.

Finally there are the *winos*—San Francisco's equivalent of New York's Bowery bums. Sad emblems of failure in a capitalist country, they live in the streets or tawdry flophouses. Among them you find professors, erstwhile millionaires, clergymen, army officers, all defeated by the struggle of competitive life.

They drink rough Californian wine until their few cents are gone, then shaking with D.T.s they wander off to the orchards and pick fruit for a few days to earn a little more. This done, they head straight back to the slums and the bars and oblivion. An endless cycle which they have neither the will nor even the inclination to alter.

San Franciscans are an individual people, less affected by the mass production which makes the rest of America so drably uniform. The women claim to be the best dressed in the States. They aren't. But, at least, their link with the Far East brings them a few things to vary the monotony of chain-store clothes. They have inexplicable taboos. "You can always tell a tourist in San Francisco," a native once said to me, "they wear white shoes. Of course no one who lived here would wear white shoes."

Their speech even varies from other Westerners. Proper San Franciscans say "either" rather than "cether"—a relic perhaps of the early settlers from New England. Moreover they have a singular *sang froid* which marks them out from their countrymen.

I sat one day at lunch in one of the excellent French restaurants. About halfway through my meal, a smell of smoke came drifting from the kitchen. It grew stronger and stronger. No one paid any attention. The waiter brought another course. "What's happening?" I asked.

"Oh, the kitchen is on fire," he said and plunged back into the smoke for another fork.

Everyone ate on merrily. Suddenly the front door was kicked open and a troop of firemen rushed in with axes and hoses, which they trailed between the tables. Still everyone ate. Still another course came. The service never faltered.

Just as my coffee arrived, the firemen filed back through the restaurant. The diners looked up, gave them a clap and returned to their food.

Evening comes to San Francisco like a change in seasons. It is a physical transformation which one can watch with fascination every day.

On the top floor of the 16-storey Mark Hopkins Hotel is a bar surrounded by glass. From there you can see the contours of the city and look down on the red Golden Gate bridge, streaming with cars. Beyond it rises Mount Tamalpais and at the base of the mountain redwood forests of Sequoias—mammoth trees sometimes 300 feet high. You can see, too, the Bay Bridge leading first to a small island then to Oakland and the mainland.

As the sky darkens a strange sea fog edges towards the city. At first a long serpent of mist, thick and compact, winds quite quickly towards the Golden Gate—erie and alive as it noses under the great suspension bridge. The sun, as it goes down, picks out the hill-tops of the city and glints last on the island prison of Alcatraz. No one drinking comfortably in the bar can feel quite at ease as they gaze out at this fortress, from which no prisoner has ever escaped alive, illumined and isolated by the last streaks of sunshine.

The sun sets. The lights on the bridges flicker like long strings of fairy candles. From the top of Alcatraz a searchlight beams round and round. For a few minutes the whole view is a glittering mass, the hills alive with lamps in bay windows, Chinatown glows red with Chinese lanterns, the sea shore depicted by curving rows of headlights.

But soon the mist seeps over the mountains and the snake broadens and loses its character. The lights surrender to the fog and the city is engulfed.

It is a clogged, choking fog, hard to breathe, for it catches the smoke from the factories, which is blown away in the day by the sea breezes. Dampness soaks into everything—and it comes nearly every night. Yet San Francisco is undeterred by it and the nights are as busy as the days. There is opera, night clubs, dance halls and in profusion, bars.

The Mark Hopkins has a restaurant, the Lochinvar Room, where you can dance. It is a perfect example of San Francisco's admiration for anything Scottish (one bar sells 160 brands of Scotch whisky). The carpets, walls and curtains are tartan. The curtain rails end in large carved thistles.

By night, the little harbour reminds one of the front at Naples. All round the small stretch of water where the boats are moored are houses. They form a separate area known as Fisherman's Wharf. You can eat in any of a dozen sea-food restaurants, rough, simple places with excellent cooking. From them you can look out on to the water and the swaying masts. Nor is the resemblance to Naples so far fetched. The fishermen, the restaurateurs, the souvenir and postcard sellers are all Italian. They preserve their language in a garbled form and their habits undiluted.

But San Francisco is not above American extremes.

In a shabby hall on a pier the West Coast jazz musicians blast out their music. The Canterbury Hotel has an open-air garden restaurant miraculously kept at a temperature of 75 deg. all year round. At Trader Vic's everything is Hawaiian. At Bimbo's 365 Club, the most popular night club, a girl, dressed or half-dressed as a mermaid, appears once an hour in a gigantic fish bowl.

El Matador is a sickeningly overwrought tribute to bull-fighting. It is run by an ex-diplomat, with the spurious name of Barnaby Conrad. On the walls are murals of bull rings. One vast oil painting is a portrait of Manolete—Conrad's hero. Stuffed bulls' heads, bought from the makers of *Blood And Sand*, hang over the bar. The atmosphere is only relieved by a Charles Addams picture of a bull being presented with a matador's ears.

San Francisco's night life is as diverse as Paris. There are opium dens in Chinatown. There are pool rooms and howling alleys. There is entertainment and vice.

Such, then, is San Francisco, a town as vital and vivid as only America could make it but, by the chances of geography and history as cosmopolitan as any city in the world!

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Nora Swinburne returns to the stage in Peter Coke's new play *Fool's Paradise* at the Apollo. She is the wife of actor Esmond Knight



Paul Tanqueray

Pinero needs more pace than this

THEATRE
by Anthony Cookman

AT LEAST TWO of the farces Pinero wrote in the eighties—*The Magistrate* and *Dandy Dick*—are as nearly farce at its best as anything we have been given since. If challenged to justify this Blimpish-sounding assertion I point out that their author had the advantage over his successors in the same line in being a great master of theatrical situation. Whatever we may think of his major plays—and today perhaps we are unduly put off them by their conventions—he was always that. He could create situations which however untrue to the laws of life remained true to the laws of the stage. In his farces he employed this mastery seriously and, I think, successfully to be wildly funny.

We have gradually got used to a sort of farce that makes do without a story. It lives from hand to mouth, from one boneless situation to another, sometimes from quip to quip. We never know where we are with it, we are not meant to know and obviously we are not expected to remember anything about it afterwards.

This can be enjoyable in its way; yet how pleasant a surprise it is to find that there is hardly a moment in the craftily charted plot of *The Magistrate* at which we do not have the liveliest curiosity to learn exactly what is coming a moment later. We laugh so much more easily for having a taut narrative line on which to hang our laughs.

The central scene in this farce has been constructed with every bit as much care as though it were the *scène-à-faire* of an important social drama. Once this situation is in being and all the characters are poised round the edge of the social abyss it needs only the lightest shaking to make laughter cumulative. We come away feeling that a good big joke has been exploited thoroughly. It takes permanent lodgement in the mind. We can chuckle over it years later.

What a pity that the present revival at the Old Vic should be so sluggish and disjointed that it must have the effect of bedevilling happy memories collected at the Arts Theatre a few years ago.

THE PLAY:

The magistrate
Michael Hordern
Pauline Jameson
John Phillips
Jack May
Barry Ingham

Under the direction of Mr. Douglas Seale the company get less than half the laughs the play has to offer and those it gets have no genuine momentum.

We are tempted to think that Mr. Seale may be more successful with old plays that have not much life left in them than with those which stand in no need of medical treatment, but some allowance must be made for his special difficulties on this occasion. The stage at the Old Vic is too remote from the audience to suit a Pinero farce. He is further handicapped in having for the old magisterial booby who gets led astray by his sprightly stepson an otherwise excellent comedian who can be almost anything but pathetically weak-minded. Mr. Michael Hordern has a natural sharpness of mind which nothing can effectually blunt. As the silly, but endearing, Mr. Posket who believes his 19-year-old son is really only 14 and is lured by him into a shady night club Mr. Hordern gives a performance which consists almost entirely of studied emphases.

He tries to justify by reason an innocence that should flow with artless simplicity. It is a method which holds everything up and in the penultimate scene—where the magistrate after an all-night flight from the police which has taken him from Soho to Kilburn is so worn and dazed that he lets himself give his wife and sister-in-law and their gallant protector seven days hard—almost stops the play.

No farce, however buoyant, can withstand such heavy treatment from its leading actor, and we should be in a sorry way if Mr. John Phillips did not turn up trumps as the gallant colonel who cannot make out for the life of him why he should be entertaining obviously respectable ladies in a private dining-room where he and his friend, Capt. Horace Vale, are supposed to be having a genial little reunion.

His bewilderment is made the more intolerable since the love-lorn captain has been banished to a balcony during a fierce downpour of rain and the colonel has just learned that the balcony is too rotten to support the weight of a man for long. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Jack May, as the dispirited captain, and Mr. Barry Ingham are all there in the spirit of the play; but these individual performances, good as they are, need to be dovetailed into a very different sort of production.

This south gives birth to such blues

BASED ON THE NOVEL by Mr. William Faulkner, *The Sound And The Fury* is another of these oppressive pieces about a mixed-up, tormented family of the kind that helps you understand why the Deep South gave birth to the blues. The Compsons live claustrophobically in a lovely old decaying mansion where everybody seems to be breathing hotly down the back of everybody else's neck: they are no longer rich but they still regard themselves as a cut above the neighbours—especially when they recall their glamorous past.

Miss Joanne Woodward, the youngest of the family, is inclined to worry about her future: she is the 17-year-old illegitimate daughter of a nymphomaniac mother (Miss Margaret Leighton) who ran off, deserting her at birth. "I'm not going to be a left-over person all my life," she tells her gin-sodden uncle (Mr. John Beal), as firmly as she can. "Is there any other kind?" he asks dismally, reaching for the bottle: his deaf-mute idiot brother



CINEMA
by Elspeth Grant

THE FILMS:

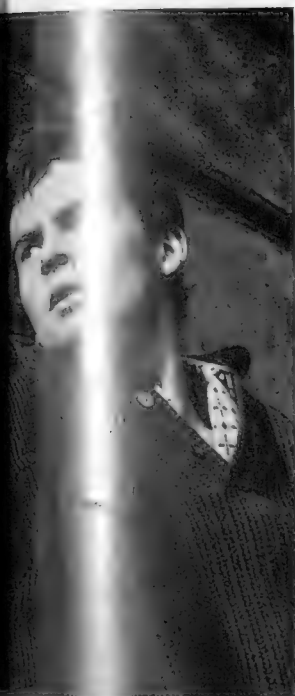
The sound & the fury
Yul Brynner
Joanne Woodward
Margaret Leighton
Jack Warden
dr. Martin Ritt

Tiger bay
John Mills
Horst Buchholz
Hayley Mills
Yvonne Mitchell
dr. J. Lee-Thompson

Al Capone
Rod Steiger
Fay Spain
Martin Balsam
dr. Richard Wilson

The hound of the Baskervilles
Peter Cushing
André Morell
Marla Landi
Christopher Lee
dr. Terence Fisher

Idle on parade
William Bendix
Anthony Newley
Anne Aubrey
dr. John Gilling



A killer (Horst Buchholz) hears pursuit draw close in *Tiger Bay*. "The climax is unexpected and moving," says Elspeth Grant

(Mr. Jack Warden) stalks pathetically about the place with a little Negro boy as his companion and guardian. They could scarcely be of much help to a girl.

Fortunately for Miss Woodward, she has a step-uncle—Mr. Yul Brynner—who is prepared to take her in hand, provide her with an education and prevent her from throwing her bonnet over the windmill, as her mother did. Naturally Miss Woodward resents this and the sort of love-hate relationship that inevitably leads to a happy ending develops between them.

This is perfectly all right because, though Mr. Brynner is sworn to restore the family fortunes, he is not really a Compson at all. Not that incest would come amiss in this film: indeed it is more than hinted at between Mr. Beal and Miss Leighton, when she returns to the old homestead for a little peace after spending 17 years in the hectic pursuit of happiness. The film is excellently acted but Mr. Martin Ritt's direction seemed to me a little too ponderous and thunderous: after over two hours of it I felt the Deep South was getting altogether too deep for me.

Mr. John Mills's 12-year-old daughter, Miss Hayley Mills, gives an absolutely enchanting performance in *Tiger Bay*—as a small Cardiff waif who, peeping through a letter-box in the block of flats where she lives, sees a murder committed. The killer, a young Polish seaman most sympathetically played by Herr Horst Buchholz, has shot his unfaithful girl friend (Miss Yvonne Mitchell) in a fit of blind rage. Panicking, he hides the gun on the tenement stairs—and sees little Miss Mills retrieve it. He realizes that she could identify him: he must get rid of her. But as he gets to know the child he finds he cannot bring himself to harm her.

Miss Mills repays him with her friendship and loyalty: she will never betray him—and she never wittingly does but, though she lies like a gipsy when questioned by the dogged police superintendent on the case (Mr. John Mills), suspicion falls upon the seaman. He has managed to find a berth aboard a ship sailing for South America and unless Mr. Mills can catch up with him before the vessel passes the three-mile limit he stands a good chance of going scot-free.

Mr. Lee-Thompson, directing, builds up tremendous excitement at this stage with a Hitchcock-like pursuit sequence—the liner, tug-drawn, moving at a snail's pace towards the open sea while the police car (containing Mr. and Miss Mills) streaks along the road to Barry in an attempt to make contact before it's too late. The climax is unexpected and moving.

Miss Mills, unfilial child, does not hesitate to steal scenes from her father—indeed, she seems to have developed a special technique for the purpose: covertly she watches him, with impish enjoyment written all over her snub-nosed little face—but the moment he turns his eyes to her she presents the complete deadpan. It is most effective and endearing.

In the title rôle of *Al Capone*—which deals with the life and high old times of that notorious Chicago gangster—Mr. Rod Steiger is very, very voluble. He talks with his shoulders, his hands, his eyebrows and, of course, with his mouth—though only when it has something in it, like a cigar stub, half a juicy apple or a capon sandwich. How that man works to make Capone a detestable character—and how he succeeds! Miss Fay Spain, last seen blondely frolicking in *God's Little Acre*, figures (brunetely) as the widow of one of Capone's victims and, subsequently, the gangster's moll: an oddly nineteen-twentyish performance—quite a period piece. The film is competently made and all the minor parts are splendidly cast and played.

Apart from an opening scene of, I thought,

unnecessary cruelty there is surely little to find fault with in Mr. Michael Carreras's stylish production of *The Hound Of The Baskervilles*—smoothly directed by Mr. Terence Fisher. Mr. Peter Cushing, who can always convey the impression of darting, rapier-like intelligence, is an admirable Sherlock Holmes, Mr. André Morell a cosy Dr. Watson, and Mr. Christopher Lee (usually some kind of unspeakable monster) is pleasing as the last of the Baskervilles to be attacked by that baleful beast which is the curse of his line, haunts Dartmoor and, from what I glimpsed of it, would never be accepted at Cruft's.

Idle On Parade is a good-natured little army-life comedy with (to my astonishment) Mr. William Bendix as an Oirish sergeant-major, and talented Mr. Anthony Newley as a rock 'n roll idol who is by accident posted to a crack regiment. "Crack though the regiment was..." (Max Beerbohm). Need I say more?



Anthony Newley as the rock 'n roll heart throb who joins the army with disastrous results in *Idle On Parade*

Jazz takes over the opera house

THE STAGE was the Opera House, Chicago. The date was 19 October, 1957. The music was jazz—basically that of Norman Granz's Philharmonic Jazz entourage. At least Ella Fitzgerald and all the artists except the Modern Jazz Quartet usually appear under his billing. Her short set of ballads made on this occasion is frankly disappointing, but that's because she has recorded so much in recent years that her material is bound to be repeated, especially when recorded "live." Six days later, with the scene shifted to Los Angeles and the record turned over, she turned in a show of different calibre—two lengthy tracks which really boil down to the old fashioned type of jam session. She runs the whole gamut of her bop vocal style, joined by a host of blowing musicians who ease her task considerably. I am left with no doubts about her ability to make the music swing.

At the same Chicago concert Stan Getz (tenor) and J. J. Johnson (trombone) took the stage to the backing of the Oscar Peterson Trio plus drummer Connie Kay. It is worth putting on record the fact that these two men do not work regularly with one another, yet show the most astonishing ability to get together in front of the large Opera House audience. Both are blessed with remarkable technical ability, but that alone has never made for good jazz. The two closing duet choruses of "Crazy rhythm" display this integration better than words can describe, with Johnson's lead challenged and supplanted by Getz's tense and urgent call in the top register of his tenor.

By contrast with the boisterous nature of this outspoken jazz improvisation, the Opera House concert was chosen to present the Modern Jazz Quartet in three selections from their unconventional repertoire. The subtle exchanges of this piano vibraphone front line (John Lewis and Milt Jackson respectively) are at their best in "Now's the time," a slow blues of simple character. I am much struck by Lewis's piano work in Monk's "Round midnight," a classic in the modern style. Their restraint establishes a new approach to the whole business of playing jazz, which was always previously regarded as an outspoken and uninhibited medium, where each man tried to blow the next off the stand.

After such blissful subtleties I find the closing set by Oscar Peterson rough on my ear. There is a sad lack of variation in colour or tone, which I

RECORDS by Gerald Lascelles

THE RECORDS:

Variety Club of Great Britain
Hail variety
12-in. L.P.
£1 19s. 7½d.
Oriole MG2033

Hampton Hawes
All night session
(vols 1-3)
12-in. L.P.
£1 18s. 3d.
Vogue LAC 12161

Stan Getz & J. J. Johnson
At the opera house
12-in. L.P.
£2 1s. 8½d.
Columbia 33CX 10127

Ella Fitzgerald
At the opera house
12-in. L.P.
£2 1s. 8½d.
Columbia 33CX 10126

Jonah Jones
Swinging at the cinema
12-in. L.P.
£1 12s. 8½d.
Capitol T1083

Miles Davis
Milestones
12-in. L.P.
£1 17s. 6½d.
Fontana TFL5035

attribute largely to Peterson's own tendency to bash the piano. He tries too hard to swing, with the result that he sounds almost mechanical at times. This slick performance is typical of most of his present-day work.

Anyone who gets a kick out of marathons will be amused and intrigued, if not always impressed, by Hampton Hawes, a pianist who embarked on an all-night session of record-making which almost comes off. I have to qualify it, because there are some obvious lapses where he just plays notes for the sake of playing notes. In the main, however, Mr. Hawes avoids the sheer mechanics of Mr. Peterson, and brings off some fine pieces.

I seldom find records produced for charitable purposes, but this month there is a most unusual one, made under the aegis of the Variety Club of Great Britain; the funds are destined for the new wing of the Condover Hall, a home for deaf, dumb and blind children. In fifty minutes you can be reminded of the nostalgia, the sentiment, and the raucous humour of Britain's music halls down the ages. I cannot pretend to pass judgement on the merits of the old-timers, but find it pleasant to hear the spontaneous wit of Tommy Handley and the songs of Gertrude Lawrence and Bobby Howes revived in their original form.

ANNUNCIATION, a picture in the Uffizi, Florence, is one of more than 50 reproduced in colour in Botticelli (George Rainbird). André Chastel writes an introduction to the book, which is published at seven guineas



It's getting tougher to take Mr. Bond

BOOKS
by Siriol
Hugh-Jones

IT IS BECOMING harder and harder to know what on earth to make of Mr. James Bond. With *Goldfinger* his creator, Mr. Ian Fleming, seems to me to get as close to self-parody as makes no difference, and even for a once devoted Bond-admirer like myself, the old familiar mixture of preposterous plot, success-fantasy, cruelty and blind-them-with-science technical talk no longer seems quite such a good lark as before. Maybe we are all just older and harder to amuse. One might guess that Mr. Fleming is possibly beginning just faintly to despise his own puppets and the market for them, and the ingredients that go to make up these extra-

ordinary confections are growing a trifle stale. Bond, tougher and bleaker than ever, is this time up against a truly dreadful person of more than usually unprepossessing appearance called Auric Goldfinger, who cheats at canasta and golf, is working on a little plot to rob the gold out of Fort Knox, and has a fancy for covering girls with gold paint before working his beastly will upon them. Throw into the bubbling brew a pinch of Top People's cars (including, by golly, a Silver Ghost in white gold), a few spoonfuls of torture, a ladle of gracious living ("Please try the hock. I hope it will be to your taste. It is a Piesporter Goldtröpfchen '53"), a *bouquet garni* of girls—one fairly amazingly named Miss Pussy Galore, and one in the black bra and briefs which are becoming a sort of brisk uniform for Bond girls—and there you have the rich *pot au feu* which is Fleming's speciality and which he likes to keep merrily on the boil. Only this time I am beginning to wonder whether such a heavily spiced exotic dish can be consumed regularly without severe queasiness.

Bond himself has me worried; he is becoming mechanical, more extravagantly unreal than ever. Sometimes I feel he needs a year's enforced rest on a bland invalid diet and no chance of driving any cars whatsoever.

A Door Ajar, by Peter de Polnay, is a hypnotically readable book about the author's golden charmed life in the South of France in 1931 when he won a fortune in the casinos, after which his luck abruptly abandoned him and he lost the lot. Even for someone like myself who can, with gigantic concentration, just master the rules of Snakes and Ladders, Mr. de Polnay makes gambling appear understandable, even enjoyable. It is a smooth, easy-running, immensely entertaining book, wry and rueful and funny, and as a picture of a rum society at a time about a million years ago, it is excellent light value.

A. J. Liebling's book *Normandy Revisited* is also something that can be gobbled up without the smallest digestive effort. Mr. Liebling is so persuasive a journalist, his reporting so coolly charming and elegant in an informal, shirt-sleeved sort of way, that he is not to be resisted. He gives off a rich, serene glow of worldly wisdom, bright-eyed interest, and just the right amount of soothing nostalgic affection. The pieces originally appeared in the *New Yorker* and read like it—which is to say that they are skilful, cunningly off-handed essays which entertain like mad while you are reading them, and seem just a touch abashed to find themselves within permanent covers.

Briefly . . . three books on which only experts should legitimately comment, all of which I enjoyed in my inexpert manner: *The Mystery of Lord Kitchener's Death*, by Donald McCormick, was something I ventured upon with the darkest foreboding of boredom, never having had the smallest notion that there was in fact any mystery to be investigated. In fact, the account of the sinking of the Hampshire in 1916 in a minefield seemed to me both moving and exciting (I still have no idea what happened to Lord K., but I reckon that to be my own muddleheadedness). *The Toscanini Legend*, by Spike Hughes, is I suppose strictly speaking for Toscanini record-collectors and others who are perfectly at home in Mr. Hughes's field. But in fact the book is written with such passionate and infectious enthusiasm and immense readability that you are on the last page before you can say H.M.V. A.L.P. Those who know enough to be able to quarrel with Mr. Hughes may perhaps feel otherwise—to me it was enjoyable and stimulating.

And I should like to draw to everybody's attention the fact that for 6s. you can buy the Penguin revised reprint of *Leonardo Da Vinci* by that silkiest of art historians and teachers, Sir Kenneth Clark.

THE BOOKS:

Goldfinger
by Ian Fleming
(Cape, 15s.)

A door ajar
by Peter de Polnay
(Robert Hale, 15s.)

Normandy revisited
by A. J. Liebling
(Gollancz, 18s.)

The mystery of Lord Kitchener's death
by Donald McCormick
(Putnam, 18s.)

The Toscanini legend
by Spike Hughes
(Putnam, 30s.)

Leonardo da Vinci
by Sir Kenneth Clark
(Penguin, 6s.)

A ROYAL private view

Highlights from London's summer collections shown to the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret

British fabrics were used for most of the dresses that the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret saw in a joint showing of the loveliest fashions from the summer couture collections presented by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers at Celanese House. This magnificent ball dress by Hardy Amies is in oyster acetate-satin woven by Bradford & Perrier Ltd., from Courtaulds yarn. The jacket is lined with Russian sable and the bodice entirely encrusted with brilliants. The antique jewels are from Richard Ogden, Burlington Arcade, W.1, and the décor was specially devised for the occasion by Kenneth Partridge. More pictures from the Royal private view can be seen overleaf

Photographed at
Celanese House by
MICHEL MOLINARE



A ROYAL PRIVATE VIEW *concluded*



Charles Creed made the sheath of nylon net (*above*) printed with enormous polka dots. Voluminous floating panels fall from the cummerbund waistline. The material is printed flare-free nylon, a John Heathcoat fabric; the large diamond and pearl Edwardian brooch is from **Richard Ogden**. *Above, right:* **Victor Stiebel** designed this summer ball dress in printed nylon, giving an Early Victorian romanticism to a 20th century fabric. Made by **Ferguson Bros., Ltd.**, it is printed with a motif of large pale brown flowers on a white ground. With it is worn **Richard Ogden's** diamond and pearl Early Victorian necklace

Owen of Lachasse chose a pink British tweed from Dumas & Maury for this country suit with its wide pleated skirt. The jacket is tied with a casual belt at the nipped-in waistline. The felt hat is by Aage Thaarup



Ronald Paterson tailored this sleeveless dress which has a jacket trimmed with "Diadem" Emba mink. The material is Courtelle, Courtauld's latest contribution to fashion, and is knitted here by Jerseycraft into a heavy jersey. Hat of the same fabric by Rudolf, 18ct. gold bracelet from Richard Ogden



The summer line for dining out

The short dress stays popular for dining out; there are signs of a return to favour for the more graceful ankle-length. The visitor to Fu Tong's Chinese Restaurant in Kensington High Street (*opposite*) wears a sheath evening dress from Christian Dior—London in shades of leafy green printed on pure silk chiffon and has an overskirt falling from the high bustline. It has an enormous hem-length stole. At Rocha, Grafton St., W.1, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield. Price: without stole, 66½ gns.; with stole, 80 gns.

Pure silk chiffon in a pale bamboo shade mounted on silk taffeta makes a dinner dress designed by Sutin. Diaphanous and uncrushable it is a most practical theatre dress. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and Edna Lloyd Smith, Hale, Cheshire; price, about 26 gns. River pearls by Jewelcraft. The Fu Tong restaurant where these pictures (and those overleaf) were taken, is at the southern end of Kensington Palace Gardens and fast becoming the after-theatre rendezvous of the fashionable world







Above left: The visitor wears Harry B. Popper's suit of heavy black ottoman silk, the jacket is worn over a sleeveless fitted jerkin of white ottoman silk. This three-piece is at Morelle, Curzon Street, W.1; Miss Stewart, Harrogate; and Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham. Price: about 39 gns. Pullman's leather gloves. The cage of finches is a feature of the restaurant

Above: Plain black crêpe short dinner dress high-necked in front and long sleeved which relies for effect on a dramatic low-cut back sweeping into a rose. By Susan Small, it can be bought at Fenwick's, New Bond Street, W.1; Vogue, Cambridge; and Browns, Chester, and costs about 9½ gns.

Left: A short dinner dress in white chiffon over-printed with leaf green made by Rima. It can be bought at Peggy Carter, Berkeley Street, W.1; Samuels, Manchester; and Cresta, Cardiff. Price: about 38 gns. Crystal ear-rings by Jewelfcraft



THE SUMMER LINE FOR DINING OUT *concluded*

Mr. Fu shows a diner how to use chopsticks. She wears a full-skirted dress of heavy white silk with coral beaded embroidery on the bodice. This Jean Allen model has a coral organza stole not shown here. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; and Lindsay, Halifax, price: 19 gns. Coral beads and ear-rings by Jewelfcraft





IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

Heralding silken evenings

The rustle of pure silk paper taffeta heralds the entrance of two Frank Usher dresses (*shown opposite*) for an evening of dancing and dining. The dress on the left is in pearly white with a double tiered skirt mounted on its own petticoats. It gains added panache from an enormous fringed bow covered in Parma violets on the front of the bodice. From Fifth Avenue, Regent St., Morrisons, Glasgow and Rackham's, Birmingham. Jewels chosen for wear with the dress are Georgian amethyst ear-rings, price: £50 and a necklace £70 (*detail, right*) from



Cameo Corner's collection of antique and secondhand jewellery. The second dress is in shocking pink outlined with a fringe, the front overskirt gives the appearance of an oversize bow. From Derry & Toms, Kensington; Morrisons, Glasgow; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; price: 21½ gns. With the dress go Cameo Corner's pendant Georgian ear-rings in gold filigree and garnets £25, and a heavy gold bracelet (*detail, left*) with pearl flowers and an enamel surround £55. The pictures were taken at the *Talk Of The Town* by permission of Theatre Restaurants.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ALEXANDER



*Nylon and pearls
enhance this style by
Alan Spiers*

BEAUTY

Champagne for parties

by JEAN CLELAND

TO ENJOY A gay evening to the full, your looks must sparkle with a party radiance. Without it, the face droops, and spirits fall as flat as a bottle of champagne from which the fizz has departed. Nothing makes a woman sparkle more brightly than the knowledge that she is looking her best. This acts like magic, and adds a glow not only to her, but to the whole proceedings.

Beauty salons at the moment are busy creating party radiance with special treatments, deep massage and skilful make-up. To relax while an expert brings your face to new life, and your complexion into bloom, is one of the most rewarding ways of spending the odd hour that I know. You go in feeling tired and grumpy and come out rested and refreshed, and looking forward with pleasure to the evening ahead.

Not everyone, however, can get to the salons. They have to cherish their looks at home. But this, with all the excellent new preparations and cosmetics, should not be difficult.

For a pre-party pick-me-up, nothing is better than a good face masque to lift the contours, speed up circulation and give the complexion new life. There are many excellent makes on the market, and you can get them for different types of skin, but there is also a new one suitable for all types, called *New Masque Frappé*, and made by Dorothy Gray. It is bracing, and wonderful for refreshing a skin that is droopy and tired, and for toning up and enlivening a dull complexion. Just what you need before going out in the evening.

Those who lead a busy life will often find themselves pressed for time when getting ready for the evening. The business of putting on a fresh face can be considerably

speeded up by using a new *Instant Cleanser* which is Coty's latest contribution to home skin care. This is a creamy liquid that can be used on the most delicate skin. It takes off the old make-up instantly (as its name implies) leaving the skin beautifully clean and fresh. The thing that I particularly like about it is that it softens as it cleans. This is a great advantage at the end of a cold, blustery day when the skin is dry and harsh.

Nothing ruins a party more than the sudden appearance of some tiresome blemish. Yardley has come to the rescue with a new and effective preparation called *Clearskin*. This is an emollient cream containing anti-acne properties which tightens on the skin to a mask-like consistency. Young girls who suffer from little spots that seem to be persistent will be glad to know that regular applications of *Clearskin* will help even hardened cases (so Yardley tell me).

Now we come to the shimmer, which, according to Max Factor, starts with the eyes, which must shine, glow, and be dramatized. To this end he has extended his range of eye make-up with new shades, new formulas, and new packs. First a new *Hi-Fi* crème mascara which is soft and easy to apply. It comes in a tube with two brushes, and can be carried in the handbag. Next, a new eye-shadow in fascinating iridescent pastel shades, to give the shimmer. While these can be used in the day, they are specially attractive for the evening.

The last word in party glamour for the eyes comes with Elizabeth Arden's exciting extra lashes, made of natural hair, woven on to a fine silken thread; these can be put on and taken off quite easily. They can be had in four colours, black, brown, green and blue.



*The soufflé style by Xavier
of Knightsbridge*

*Party spirit, according to
Alan Spiers*



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Counter spy

examines the Chinese influence on western designs for modern living

1



Interior decorator Jon Bannenburg of Marble & Lemons is influenced in many ways by the Chinese. Adapted to suit European tastes, the sweeps of colour and subtle changes of texture in his Oriental silk and grass wallpapers, and the fine Siamese silks which he uses for curtains and chair covers, show his liking for uncluttered design. His silk wallpapers would blend into a room of any European period. They are specially woven for Marble & Lemons and come in a wide range of plain or blending, brilliant or soft colours; 36 inches wide and 8 yards long, they cost from about 6 gns. per roll (not including purchase tax). The grass wallpapers similarly priced are loosely woven in combinations of soft shades on white or gilded paper. The Siamese silks are in a magnificent variety of plain, striped and checked patterns in exotic and soft colours; 40 inches wide they cost from about 67s. 6d. per yd. From Frank Partridge, New Bond Street, W.1.

An antique shop full of fantasy is owned by Michael Raymond, 263 King's Road, S.W.3. Chinoiserie appeals to him. His Chinoiserie furniture is mostly of the late 18th and early 19th centuries but his collection also includes figures, pictures and lacquer work—for instance he has a magnificent lacquer tray traced with brilliant gilded dragons for £28 10s. Some of it is rare; some of it not so rare. Some things are cheap and some quite frankly are not.

Minette Shepard

2



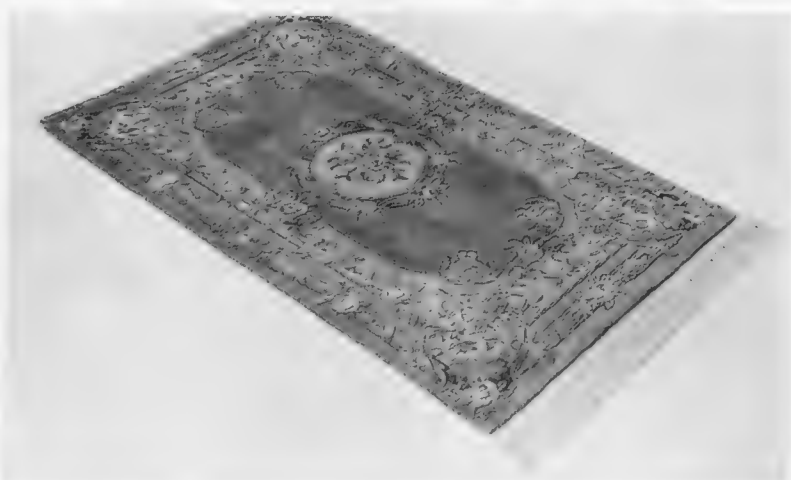
1 A mounted Chinese warrior. Once a roof tile and probably of the Ming period. One of a pair, it is in green and yellow glazed pottery. Price: £55 the pair. From William Williams, 27a Kensington Church Street, W.8, who have a large and fascinating collection of fine Oriental works of art.

2 Jade is an essential part of much great Chinese art. Here, a vase in dark spinach-green jade of the Ming period (circa 1600 A.D.) stands about 16 inches high. Carved with circling dragons, the loose rings are surmounted by elephant heads. From Gordon Lawrence's collection of jade and ivory carvings at 37 Jernyn Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

3 Blue and white much used in Chinese porcelain, later considerably influenced European china. These two early 18th-century vases from Ian Askew of 2-7 Queen's Elm Parade, Old Church Street, S.W.3, have been made into elegant lamps. Price: about £18 the pair without the shades. A number of Askew's antique Chinese vases are made up in this way from his collection of Chinese porcelain.

4 Modern Chinese work is depicted in this rug with dusty pink roses against a background of pale turquoise. Price: £45. From a collection of modern Chinese carpets and rugs at Perez, 168 Brompton Road, S.W.3, whose antique and modern rugs are all influenced by Oriental design.

4



BEAUTY AND THE CLOCK

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MOTORING

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by GORDON WILKINS



European silhouette, Italian style: the Alfa Romeo



European silhouette, British style: the Morris Oxford



European silhouette virtue: mammoth luggage trunk in the Morris Oxford

AS THE NEW MODELS become more numerous on the roads, it is clear that European cars are beginning to look alike, a fact which was already obvious to visitors to the Geneva Show. As Europe becomes more of an economic entity national styles will tend to be submerged in an international European style. The process is already well advanced. A stranger seeing the Wolseley 15/60, Austin A55, Morris Oxford, or MG Magnette alongside a Fiat 1200, Fiat 1800 or Lancia Flaminia would find it difficult to pick out the British from the Italian models. This is not entirely due to the pervasive influence of Pinin Farina, as Bertone's new Alfa Romeo coupé on this page will demonstrate. There is now a basic European silhouette which is also to be seen in modified form in the British and German Fords, the Vauxhall Victor and many other models. Apart from fashion, it is functionally sound. The flat, slim roof gives maximum headroom, the large areas of glass aid all-round vision, the prominent front and rear wings help in placing the car while parking and the high tail houses a big trunk as the photographs of the new Morris Oxford show.

Have we then reached something like finality in style? All bicycles look alike because they long ago reached the simplest and most efficient form. For the moment we may have reached widespread agreement on the most suitable form for a car under the influence of Italian stylists but this is unlikely to be permanent. Fashion still plays a big part in selling cars, and styles must be changed to stimulate sales. The present shapes are ideal for cars which are used in heavy traffic and spend a lot of time standing still in traffic blocks; they also tend to be stable in side winds but they can be noisy at speed and their wind resistance is fairly high when travelling fast. The fashionable hoods over the headlamps can alone reduce maximum speed by two to three m.p.h. If we ever have roads which permit continuous cruising at 80 m.p.h. or so, cars will have to be shaped differently to keep fuel consumption within reasonable limits. Citroën's ID, and DS 19 are there to prove that a car can be right up to date but unlike anything else (although I wish they would do something to reduce the great gaps between the panels).

No designer now working on new styles for production in 1962 should be content to follow the present fashion blindly, and some of the prototypes I have seen destined for production during the next couple of years show that there is enough original thinking going on to prevent car styles getting into a groove.

The Morris Oxford is the latest but not yet the last of the B.M.C. variations on the theme of a four-cylinder 1,500 c.c. car with

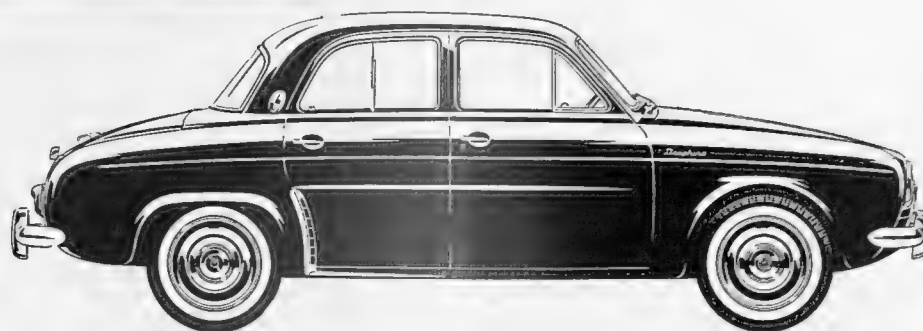
Farina-styled four-door saloon body. Only the specialist can tell it at a glance from the Austin A55, and the mechanical specifications are almost identical, but the basic price of the Morris is £10 higher. Wherein lies the extra value? Mainly in details of equipment; the crash pad on the instrument panel is more softly filled, there is a half horn-ring and there is carpet on the front floor in all models.

There is also an unseen feature; a new method of construction for the front seat, which dispenses with the usual spring foundations. The weight of driver and passengers is supported by bands of a new Pirelli webbing made of rayon bonded in rubber slung hammock-fashion between the top of the backrest and the front edge of the cushion, with an intermediate clip at the junction between the two. Further bands give transverse support, forming the foundation which carries the rubberized hair backrest and the foam rubber seat cushion. It is said to give a shock-absorbing effect, eliminating the bouncing and twanging noises experienced with some sprung seats; it is also claimed to be able to stand up to hard wear without sagging and to give more foot room for rear seat passengers.

These are the simple, unromantic products which make fortunes for their inventors. A new type of automatic transmission may take years to develop and cost a fortune to put into production and in fact many a fortune has been lost in the attempt. But General Motors have been taking royalties from the world's motor manufacturers for years because their Ternstedt subsidiary had the key patents on the simple triangular ventilating pane in the windows. They must also have made enormous profits out of the special kind of springy felt which is used to line the channels for winding windows. The rubber seals round our windcreens and rear windows are also jealously protected by patents and bring princely sums in royalties to those who own the patent rights.

The spring bows which hold the roof lining in place and the press-on clips which take the place of nuts in securing items like name plates and chromium decoration, or the other clips which hold the upholstery to the seat frames; these are the insignificant items used in millions which have assured for their sponsors an easier path to fortune than the most complicated mechanical devices. A new mechanical invention, however brilliant, may be obstructed by conservatism or company design policy or production problems, but a simple gadget which saves seconds on the production line speaks a language which manufacturers cannot resist.

Back in England after three weeks abroad it was nearly two before we could think about lunch. The first inn we tried was closing—apparently two o'clock is the time when thirst must legally cease in those parts—and a coffee bar was prepared to serve morning coffee or dainty teas but nothing in between. Then we tried an hotel near Winchester but the waitress with a mouth like a gin trap seemed to take it as a personal affront when we inquired about lunch at ten past two. Of course the signs of the A.A. and R.A.C. were prominently displayed outside but I wonder what value these recommendations have.



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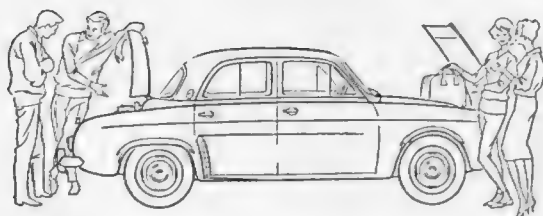
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DINING IN

Light and easy

by HELEN BURKE

WITH SO MUCH activity for both mothers and daughters, for many weeks to come, the lightest possible meals can be a blessing. The less one strains digestion the better for it, and the figure as well.

I would like to make some suggestions for light meals. There will be the minimum of starches, but cream will not be absent, because cream is not necessarily fattening, any more than butter is.

Meal starters? A lovely unusual first course: Champignons à la Crème. The difference between this and the usual one is that the mushrooms are uncooked. For four servings, well wash four to six oz. tiny white unopened champignons (stems cut short) and rub them with cut lemon. Quarter them and at once sprinkle them with a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Half whip up to four oz. double cream. Add the mushrooms. Serve in the cup-shaped leaves from the heart of a lettuce.

Another equally exciting but less rich mushroom dish is this: Wash, dry and quarter the mushrooms and dress them with a good vinaigrette sauce. (The quantities

here are for $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tiny champignons.)

Crush together a small clove of garlic and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, then discard the garlic. Add to the salt a level teaspoon of dry mustard and a few grains of cayenne pepper. Slowly beat in two tablespoons olive oil, then one tablespoon lemon juice, about $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon at a time. When these have been blended in, add the remaining olive oil and lemon juice (six tablespoons and two tablespoons respectively).

To follow either of the above starters, grilled minced steak cakes go well. Start with the best fillet or lean rump or topside beef, allowing three to four oz. for each serving. Mince the meat finely and lightly press it into rounds, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, so as not to toughen it. The firmer the meat is pressed, the less interesting the final cakes will be.

Melt one oz. butter in the grill pan. Place the cakes in it, turn them at once, then grill them on both sides to the desired doneness. Sprinkle them with salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Place the cakes in a heated serving dish.

Add to the grill pan another ounce of butter, two tablespoons of finely chopped chives and a table-

spoon of Worcestershire sauce. Heat through. Pour the sauce over the cakes and serve with buttered canned or frozen stringless beans.

Lemon Mousse is a simple, unrich sweet which leaves the palate beautifully fresh. For four to six servings, place four oz. sugar, two tablespoons plain flour and a pinch of salt in a saucepan. Stir a breakfastcup of boiling water into them. Add the juice of one to two lemons, depending on their tartness and size (even three are sometimes necessary), and the grated rind of one of them. Stir over a lowish heat until the mixture comes to the boil, then simmer until cooked.

Beat two to three egg yolks. Stir the cooked sauce into them, a little at a time, together with a walnut of butter. Return to the pan and give it a few minutes without allowing it to become too hot.

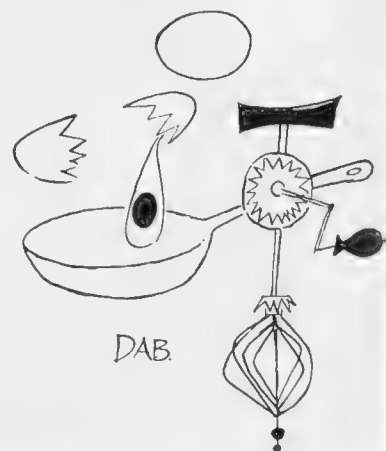
Meanwhile, whip the egg whites until they are quite stiff, but not as stiff as for meringues. Mix a little of the yolk mixture into a little of the whites, then add the remaining yolk mixture and, finally, fold in the remaining whites. Turn into a large soufflé dish, sprinkle with a teaspoon of sugar and leave the mousse to become cold and firm.

Another light and easily prepared luncheon is grilled grapefruit; escalopes of veal with grilled mushrooms and tomatoes; honeydew melon, filled with its own diced fruit and three to four tablespoons stem ginger in syrup, cut into suitably small pieces.

For the main course on the menu

choose large dark mushrooms. Peel them and place them, gills down, in cold water for a minute or two to release any sand (but this may not be necessary). Drain and place gill sides up, fill each with olive oil and leave for an hour or so. When the time to grill them comes, add a hazel nut of butter and a little seasoning to each. Brush halved tomatoes with melted butter and grill with the mushrooms.

For the veal itself, ask for the thinnest possible escalopes. Pass them through seasoned flour, shake off any excess, then fry in butter to which has been added a little olive oil (to prevent it burning). Place the veal in a heated dish. Add a small glass of Madeira to the pan and rub it around to remove the residue. Pour the sauce over the escalopes and serve.



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DINING OUT

Plates galore—on the walls

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

HAVE you ever been confronted by a display of more than 100 plates and dishes when you enter a restaurant—plates of every conceivable colour and shape, large and small, some of them valuable? That is what happens to you when you enter the Platter Restaurant of Alastair Greig's latest pub, the Marquis of Anglesea at 39 Bow Street, W.C.2, within a few yards of Covent Garden Market.

Mr. Greig, with his wife in full support, seems to delight in taking over what appear to be perfectly ordinary pubs until you get into the wining and dining department. There anything may happen. "Greig's Follies" I've heard them called, and good and amusing follies they are. His latest effort, which he has only just opened, lives up to his reputation. His scheme for decorating the dining-room (which is upstairs) necessitated his spending a considerable time pottering about the Caledonian Market, the Portobello Road, in fact any source from the odd street barrow selling china to the annual sale at Harrods. Bit by bit, he collected a large and varied assortment of plates and dishes at prices ranging

from 5s. a piece to £5. When he thought he had enough, he summoned his master decorator and several plasterers, and laid out the plan of how he wanted them assembled. Away they went to work. This entailed mixing a vast amount of copper-coloured plaster which they built on to a wire mesh casing covering the walls of the restaurant and, before it dried, pushed in the plates. To date not one has fallen on top of any customer's head or even into his soup.

Not content with this unusual décor, Mr. Greig has a somewhat unusual chef. He is a Russian, Wladimir Karnitchenko, a gay enthusiast born in Leningrad. He worked in hotels in Georgia and other parts of south-east Russia, spent three years at the Luna Hotel in Venice, and then joined Alastair Greig at another of his pubs, the Buckingham in Petty France, Westminster (where plastic flames roar out of the Silver Grill across the ceiling) waiting for the Marquis of Anglesea to open.

The restaurant is small, not cheap, but the food is of fine quality. I tried poached halibut and shrimp sauce (10s. 6d.) and a

steak Stella at 16s. 6d. because I had never heard of it before. It turned out to be a variation of steak Dianne made with a red wine sauce prepared at your table, with brandy to produce the flambé part of this excitement.

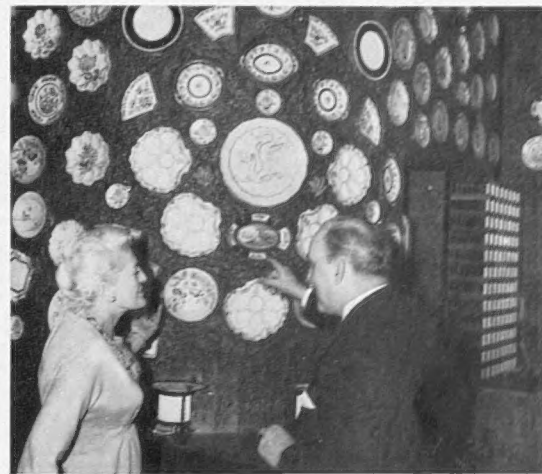
I noticed salt beef and carrots on the menu and forgot to ask if it included dumplings. Boiled silver-side without dumplings is to me like a boiled egg without salt, smoked salmon without a squeeze of lemon, or a pork sausage without mustard—unthinkable.

There are lots of fine wines available: '52 Chateau Latour (47s. 6d.), '52 Cheval Blanc (47s. 6d.), '53 Corton (40s.), but you can get down to a '55 St. Emilion at 19s. 6d. or a Beaujolais at the same price. For a white wine, a Pie-

sporter Goldtropfchen Auslese '55 will cost you 32s. 6d.

It was a strange coincidence that the next day I found myself lunching in a pub in Wigmore Street where the chef was also a Russian—this time a lady, Moura Meizlichenko, who comes from Voronej near Kiev in the Ukraine—a smiling, friendly person who allowed me to invade her small but immaculate kitchen.

This took place when René Bassett invited me to his pub, the Portefract Castle, where he has a steady and regular lunch trade from people who know their way about and want the right food at the right price without a lot of unnecessary frills. This is exactly what they get, with an excellent wine list in support.



Mr. Alastair Greig, his wife, and some of the plates and dishes he collected for the Marquis of Anglesea inn

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Spode

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

Collectors' Guide to 'Choicest' tea-ware



Silver-shape bone china tea-pot with cobalt blue ground: 1804

IN 1770 Josiah Spode, a 29-year-old potter who had been a star apprentice of the great Staffordshire master Thomas Whieldon, raised a mortgage and took over his first factory. Within a few years Spode's improved earthenware had established a business that has prospered to the present day.

The first innovation introduced by Josiah Spode was a style of transfer-printing in blue under the glaze which, by its soft quality and careful blending with coloured enamels, achieved a unique harmony of design and colour. Furthermore Spode's improved method of printing lowered the price of attractive tea-ware.

But it was Spode's achievements in the manufacture of porcelain which make him most noteworthy. For several years he experimented with Cornish china-clay and china-stone. He added to it calcinated bone eventually producing a porcelain of fine quality, transparent and durable—the first bone-china. Spode's formula has remained the basis of bone-china ever since, and his finest products remain a standard for present-day manufacturers.

From 1800 onwards the factory's work is invariably marked. Although some Spode reproductions of Meissen and Worcester have had their marks removed by grinding, identification is still possible. Spode's paste was considerably softer than that of Meissen, and the colours used in Worcester reproductions are brighter than those of the originals. Early Spode transfers are traditionally English in style, landscapes in panels surrounded by coloured borders, and floral subjects. In porcelain tea-ware rich colours are characteristic. Dark blues, reds, yellow, green and lavender used in conjunction with highly painted flowers, fruit and birds, make Spode china one of the richest of English wares.



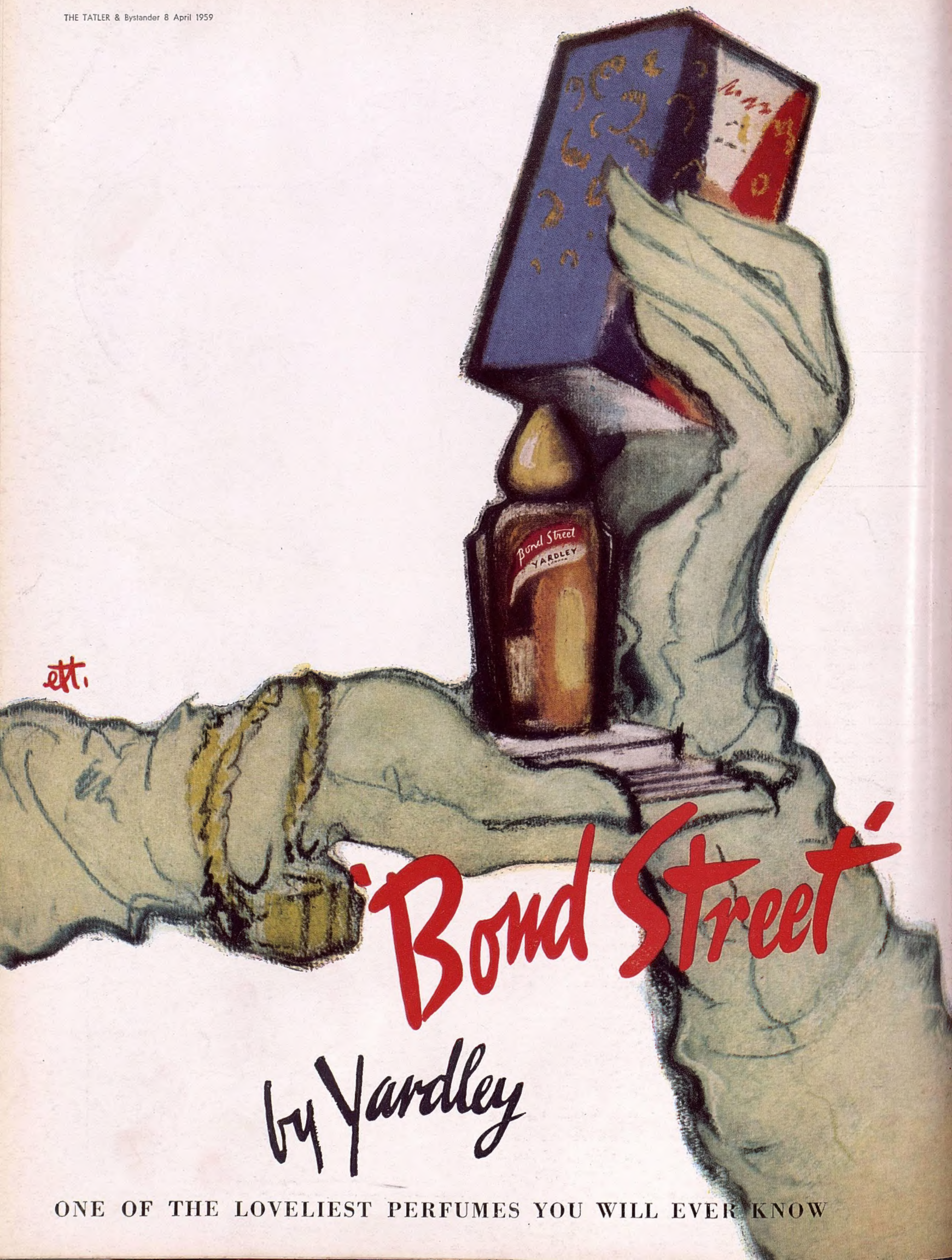
NOTE TO COLLECTORS It is fairly easy to find uncommonly good examples of this fine, colourful china. Only a little less easy than it is to find that uncommonly good Brooke Bond tea, 'Choicest'. This fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas makes a worthy partner to your fine Spode tea-ware. At 2/- per quarter it is undoubtedly the best value in tea, today.



A 10" dinner plate typical of Spode's blue transfer decorated work; scene after Mayer's Views in Asia Minor: 1820



Bone china tea-cup and saucer painted with flowers on solid gold background: 1804



et.

Bond Street

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